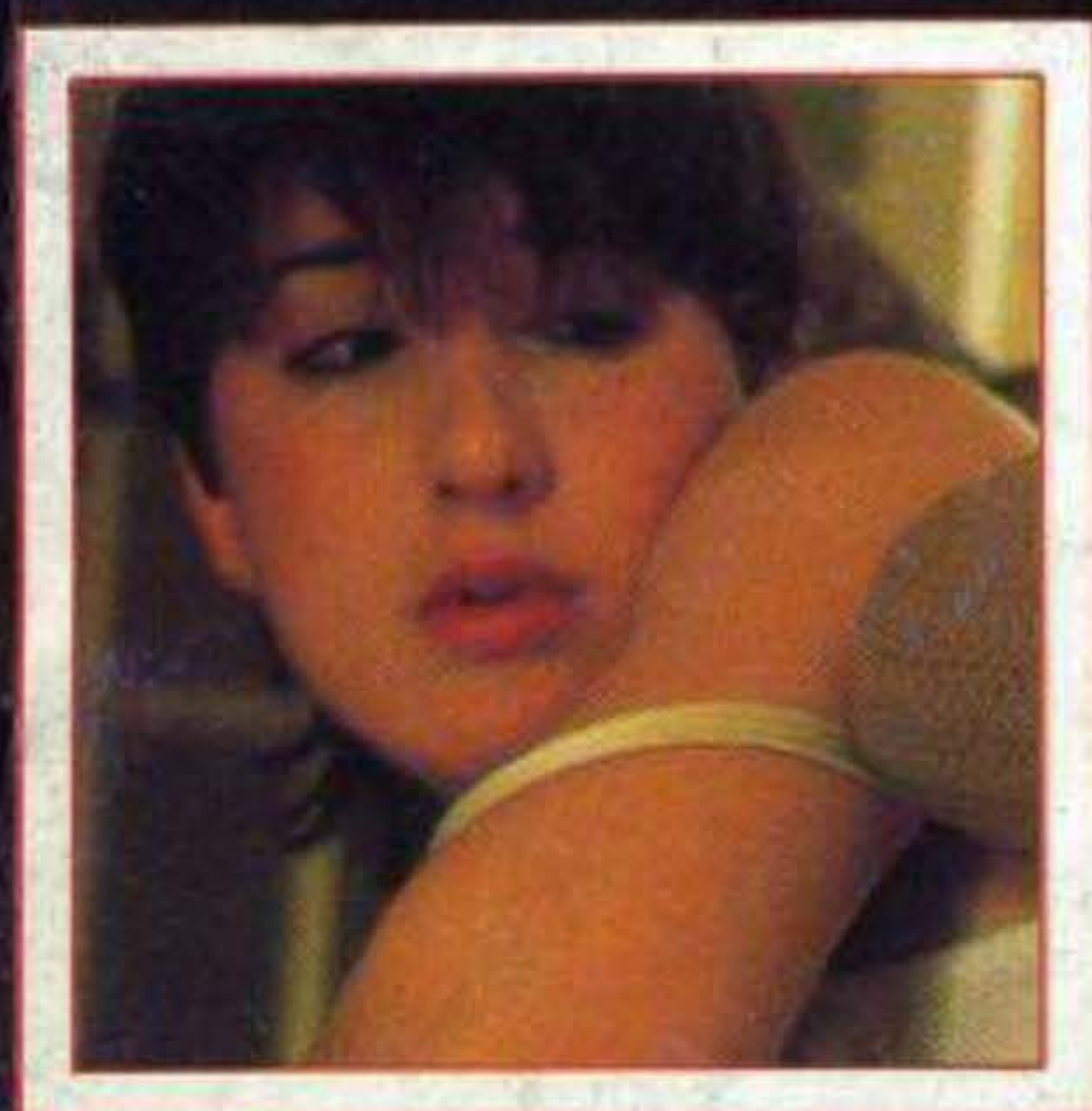
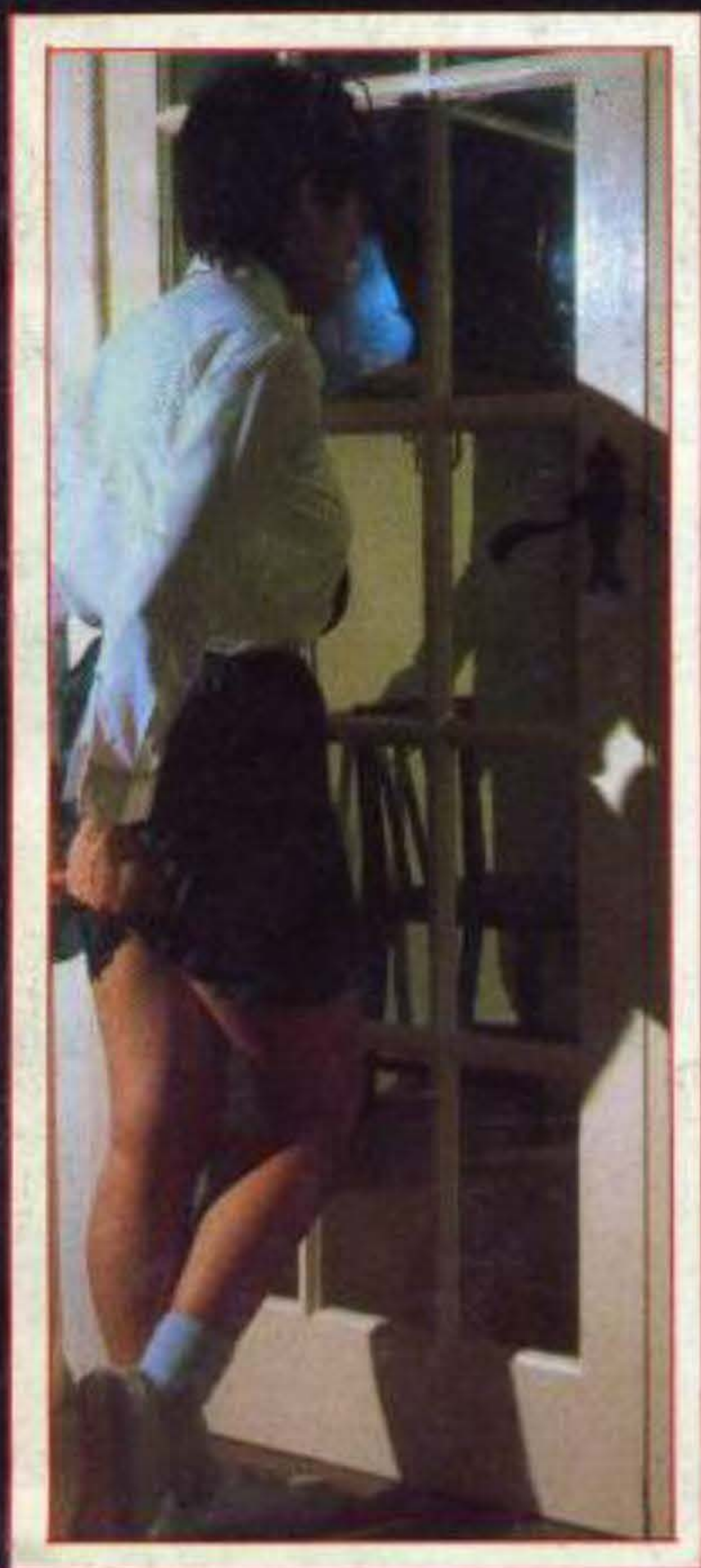


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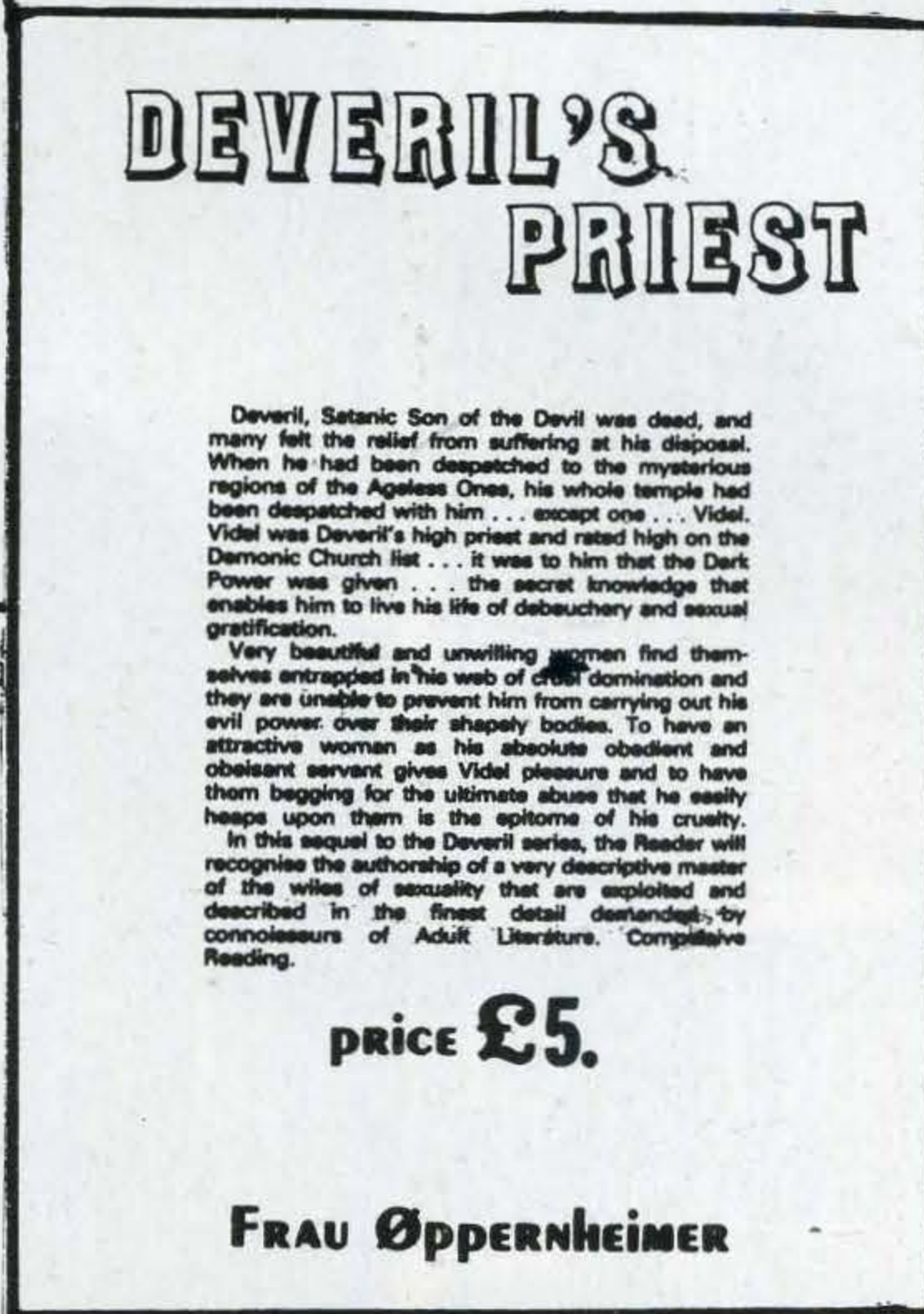
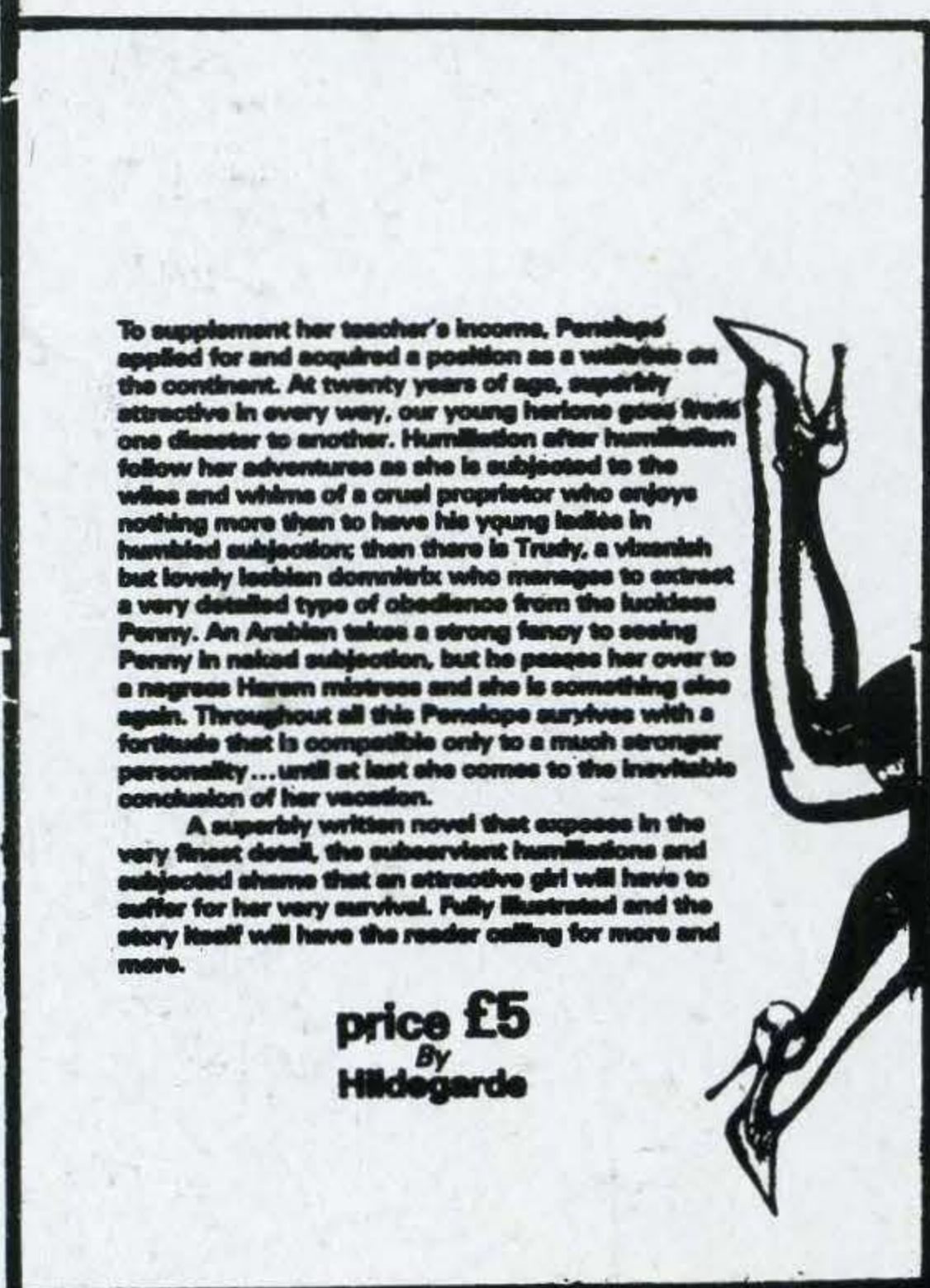
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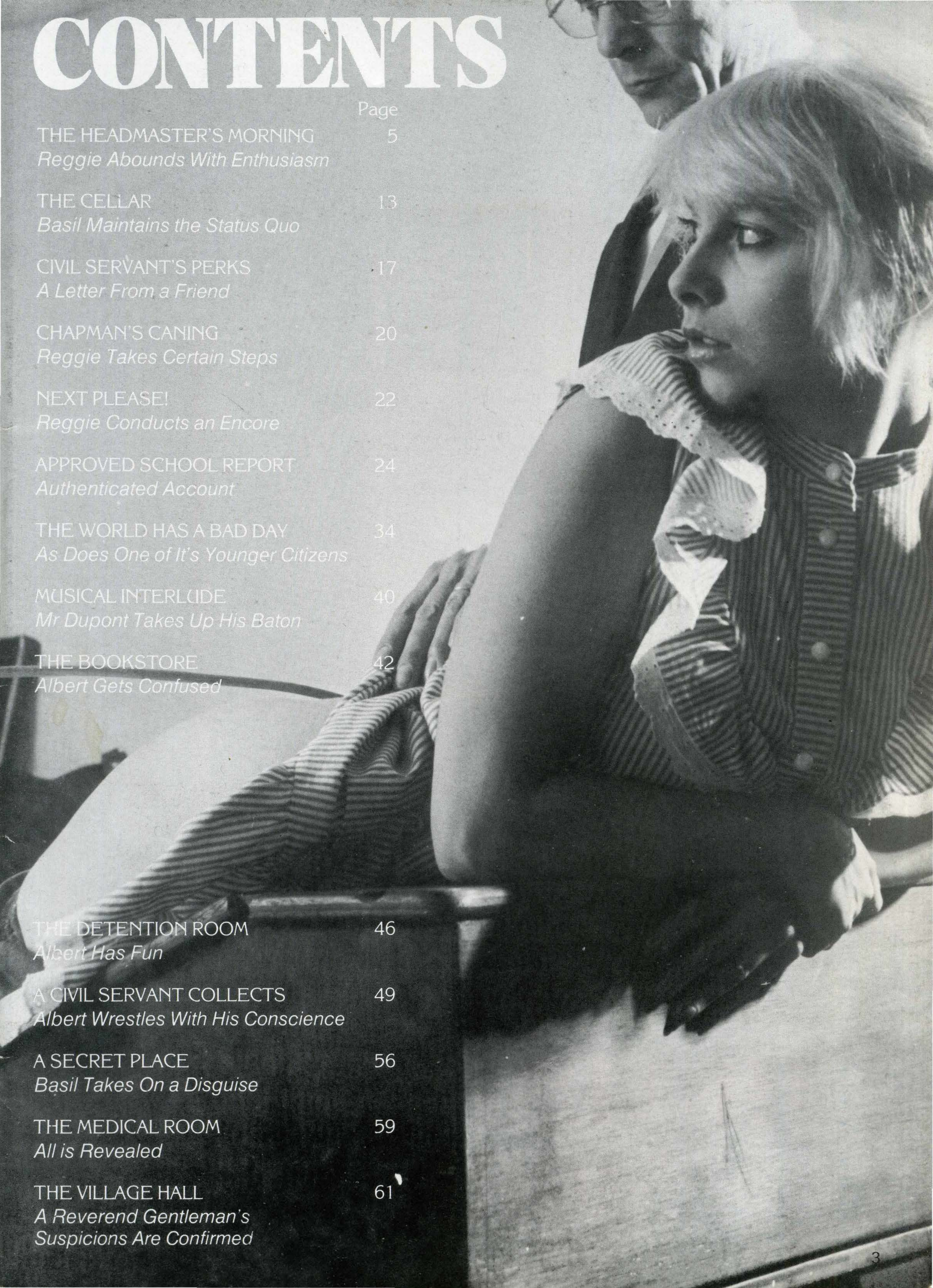
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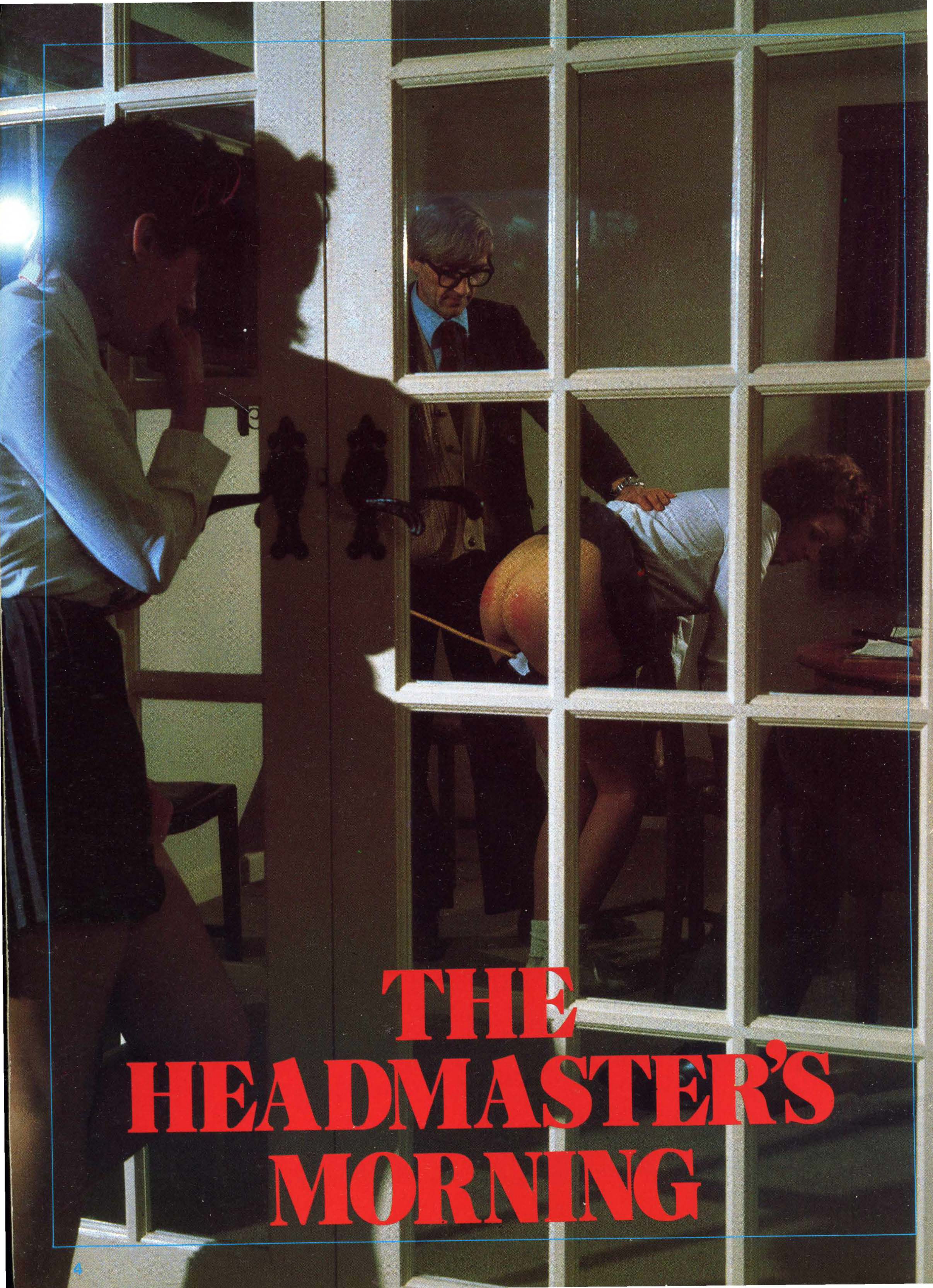
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# THE HEADMASTER'S MORNING



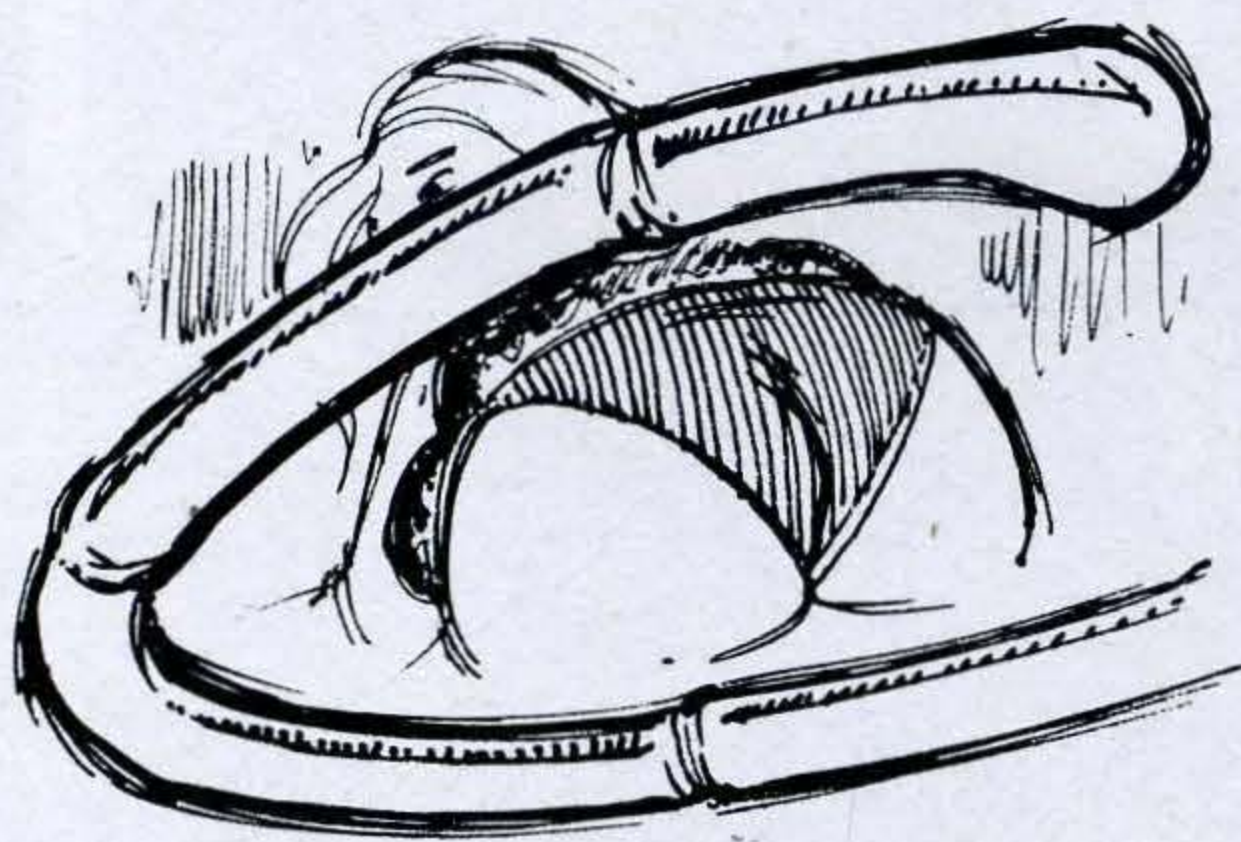
Leaving the hall after morning assembly, Reggie's mood of optimistic anticipation is given even more of a lift by the sight of Elizabeth Brown, in company with her friend, Chalmers, hurrying along the corridor in the direction of his study to keep their assignations with him, the representatives of the Board of Governors, and the business-end of a cane, in that order. Two short skirts, each plumped out by full hips and – as he knows from experience gained on other occasions – decidedly caneable bottoms, flick to and fro across the backs of bare thighs, beckoning him to follow. He resists the urge to hurry along behind and instead walks sedately towards his study relishing the prospect of beginning the day with two howling prefects to get him off to a good start.

The likely presence of Miss Wilkinson, a member of the Board, at the forthcoming meeting, dismays Reggie not at all. She and he have crossed swords before, and will almost certainly do so again today, but the Major will be there too, and knowing *his* penchant for the well-caned female bottom, the decision will be a foregone conclusion. 'Thrash 'em. Headmaster, and to Hell with their tears!' Reggie can just hear him saying it now. No – Miss Wilkinson will not be a problem. In fact, she might even prove to have a certain diversionary value of her own.

With a cheerful smile on his face, Reggie shoos the two girls, whom he finds waiting pink-cheeked outside his door, into the committee room adjacent to his study. The girls stand with their hands behind their backs – comforting their little bums, perhaps, or so Reggie likes to suppose – while with a touch of theatre to make the whole thing just that little bit more amusing, Reggie selects a cane from those hanging conveniently in a cupboard and swooshes it dramatically several times. The girls' faces pale markedly – they both know what canes can do to tender bottoms, and to have to be reminded of it is unnerving to say the least.

Tie twisting in her fingers. Chalmers risks a tiny smile but spoils it by gulping audibly as

# THE HEAD'S MORNING



Reggie smacks the cane down against the palm of his hand.

Reggie's grin widens as he feels the smart biting into his hand. It hurts – perhaps he was a little *too* boisterous with that stick – but the pleasure of it lies in his ability to transfer the sensation in his palm, in his imagination, to the sensation that harder strokes will shortly be engendering in the naked buttocks of the two frightened girls. He can't resist teasing them both about their imminent canings.

'Couple of the Governors are here this morning – going to decide what we've to do with you both.' The girls' glances wander from his face, to the cane, and back again, all wide-eyed anxiety and jelly-kneed funk. 'Hope you thought to put on clean underwear, girls,' says Reggie as he leaves them in the outer room and goes through to the committee room. He doesn't wait to see the effect that broadest of hints will evince.

Miss Wilkinson, in an amusing imitation of the girls' fascination with the sight of the cane in Reggie's hand, fixes her gaze upon its menacing, quivery length, almost as if it comprised a threat to her own shapely bottom. Seeing that he has the woman's attention – he is obliged to think of her as a woman even though she is barely a couple of years older than some of the girls in the school – Reggie treats her, too, to a demonstration of the cane's suppleness by bending it in two and flicking it through the air with a waspish hum.

'I see you come equipped to uphold your reputation as a disciplinarian,' says Miss

Wilkinson – rather cuttingly, it seems to Reggie.

'A good caning never did any girl I've ever met any harm,' he says, resting his gaze upon what he can see of Miss Wilkinson's hips as she sits on her chair.

The meeting, when it starts, goes very much against Miss Wilkinson and equally as much in favour of Reggie and the Major. Miss Wilkinson's flushed face as the decision is taken to cane both the waiting girls – 'on the bare, Reggie, on the bare', as the Major insists – might be annoyance, or it might be embarrassment. Reggie rather hopes that it is the later. Anyway, he means to make something of a production out of the performance he has been called upon, democratically, to give, and if the silly woman doesn't like it, well then, she shouldn't have made a point of insisting on the matter of Brown and Chalmers' indiscretions to the editor of the local paper being made the responsibility of the Board, instead of leaving it to the Headmaster to deal with in his own way.

Brown, when she is summoned into the committee room, has the good manners to look decently apprehensive at the likely outcome of her appearance before the little assembly. In fact she manages to look scared stiff, a frame of mind which is not helped by Miss Wilkinson's brave attempt to minimise the punishment the girl is about to receive by bringing up the matter of 'The Rules'.

'Headmaster, may I point out that the rules state that no more than six strokes of the cane may be administered by you to any girl in your charge? I trust you will abide by that ruling, despite the Major's bandying about of the words 'a good, round dozen.'

Perched on the very edge of her seat, Elizabeth obliges Reggie and the like-minded Major by omitting a little squeak of fear at all this talk of 'strokes' and 'round dozens'. Ignored, even by Miss Wilkinson who is riffling through her copy of the rules, the girl shoves her hands down between her thighs with a delightfully childish pout on her pretty face. Failing to overcome the temptation to smile indulgently at the rash Miss Wilkinson, Reggie draws himself up to his full height and, having taken a breath in



order to maximise his enjoyment of one more moment of triumph, informs the young lady of her mistake.

'I think you will find, Miss Wilkinson, that in the case of a decision by the Board of Governors – we three are representing that Board here today – that a girl is to be chastised by the application of a cane to her bottom' – the word 'bottom' rolls out in a deliberately sensuous way and brings another blush to Miss Wilkinson's cheeks,' – the maximum number of strokes permitted is twelve, not six.'

With a flutter of pages Miss Wilkinson looks for the pertinent rule. Finding it, she, like Elizabeth, looks most disconcerted, but she cannot argue.

'So, twelve strokes it will be.' Reggie raises his eyebrows, 'agreed?'

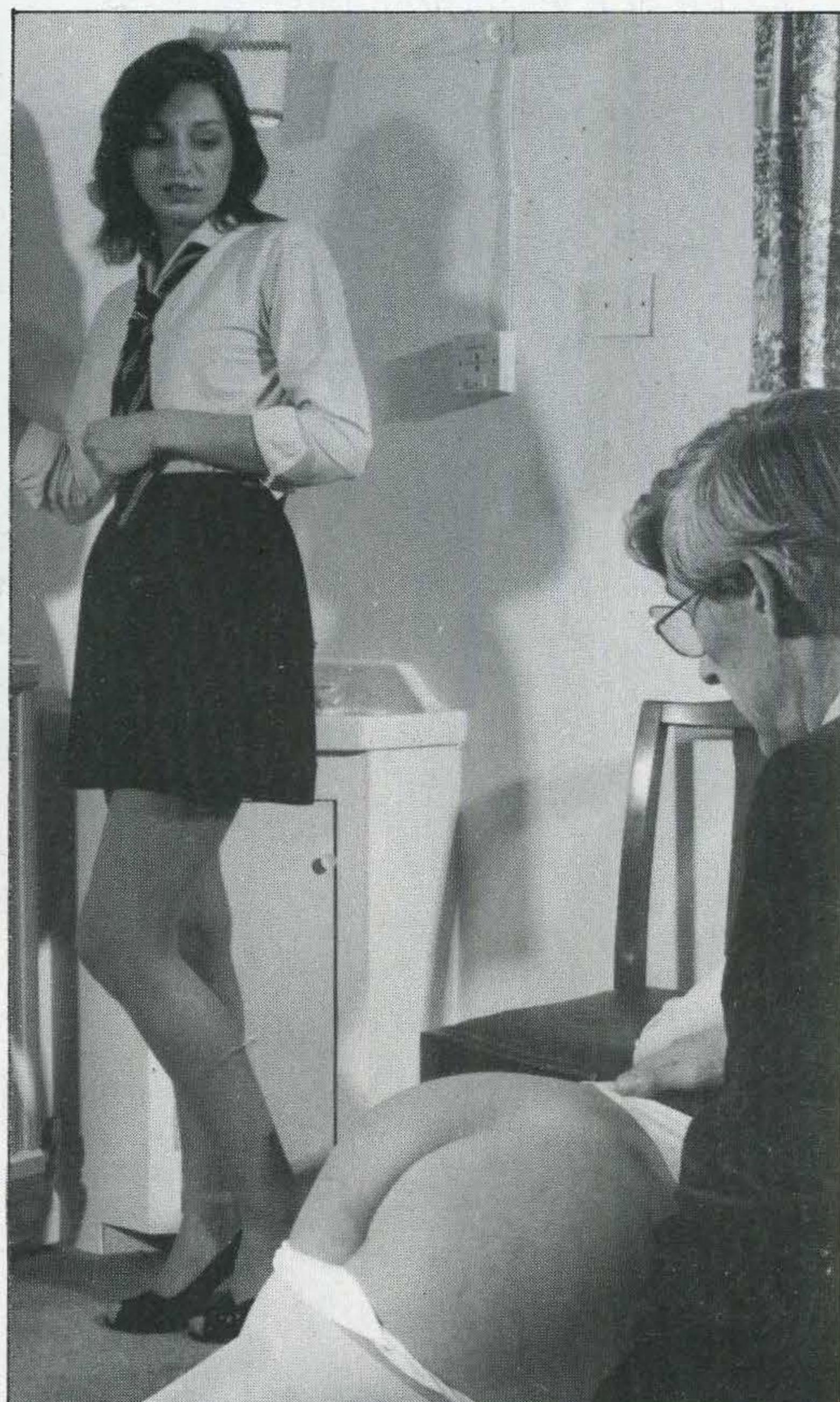
'Good round dozen, Headmaster,' declares the Major. 'To hell with the tears – let her know she's been thrashed, that's what I say!'

Reggie, who finds the Major's enthusiasm a little daunting himself at times, turns to the girl who is the subject of this discussion, and finds her close to tears already and most reluctant to get to her feet when told to do so.

'We'll have your knickers down, if you please, Brown.'

The tiniest 'Oooh' escapes the girl's lips, but she knows well enough that there is nothing for it but to 'get 'e, down' as the Major unhelpfully interpolates. The necessary lifting of her skirt treats the men to a tempting foretaste of bare thighs, and then the girl's navy knickers put in an appearance as she slips them down below buttock level, just as she has done on other, more private occasions.

The poignancy of the moment is added to for Reggie when he glances up from Elizabeth's attempts to undress herself without having to appear too undressed, and sees that the other girl, waiting outside yet well able to see and probably to hear all that has gone on, is clutching her hand to her mouth and standing in such a way as to give reason to suppose that she might be about to wet her knickers with fright. For the sake of Miss



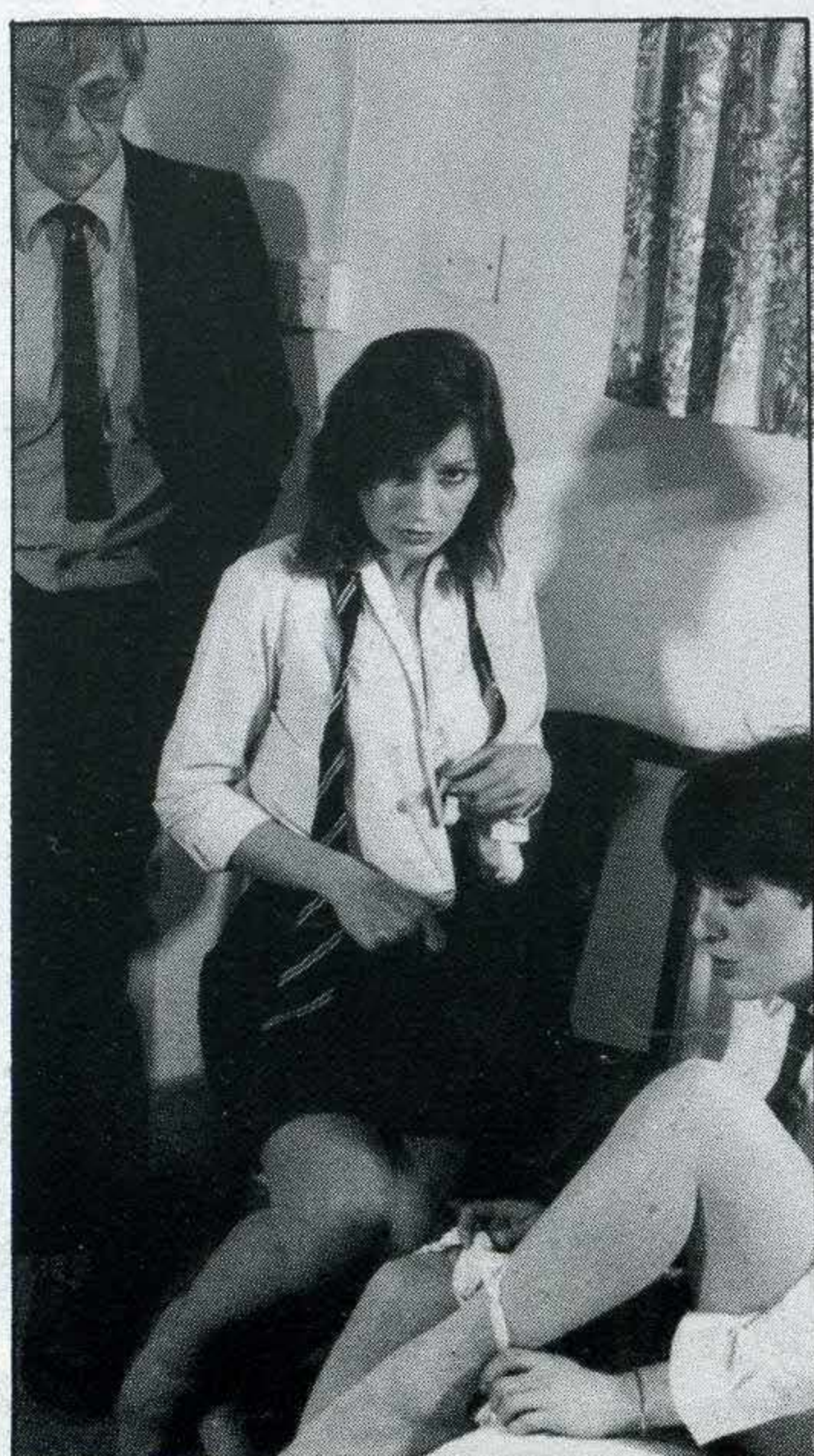
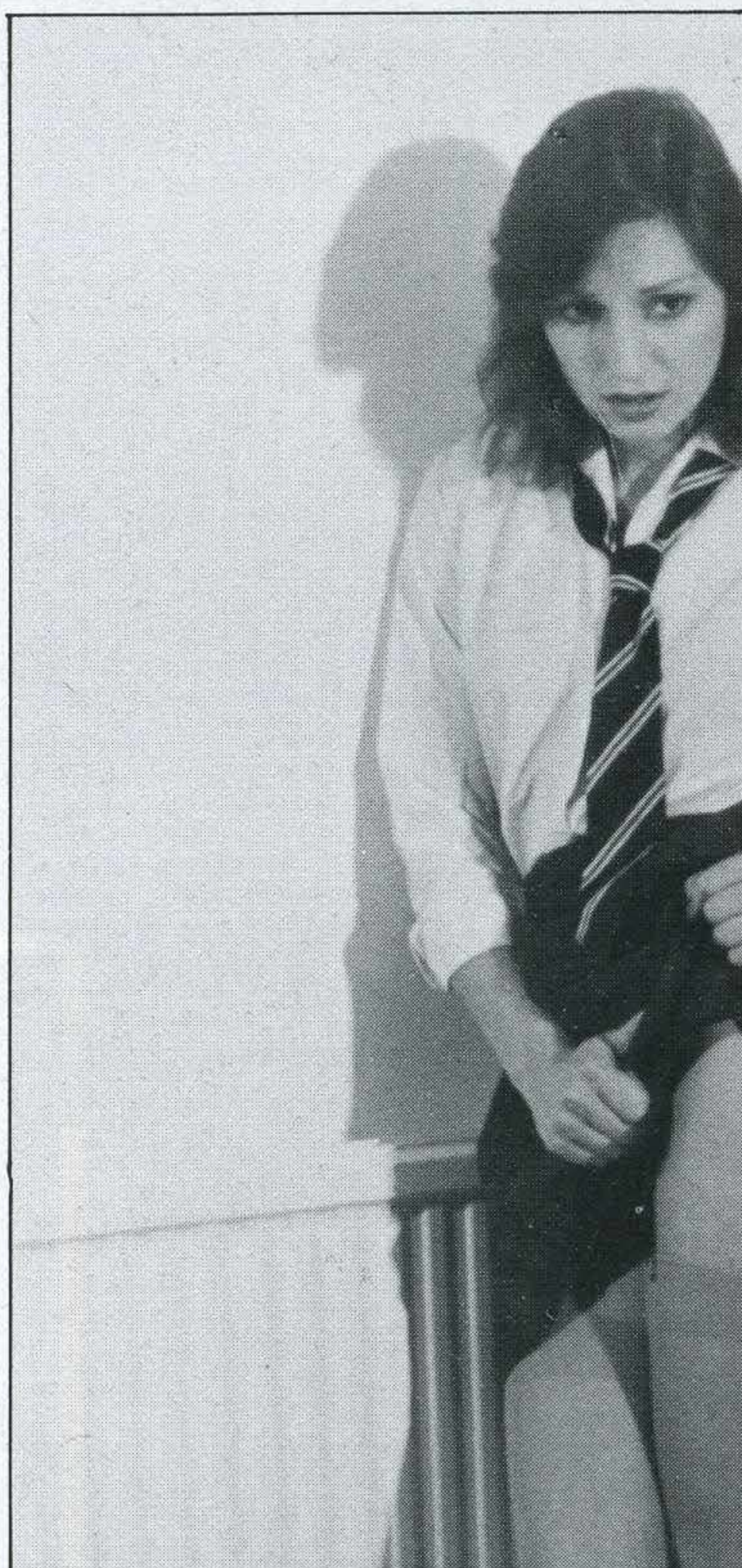
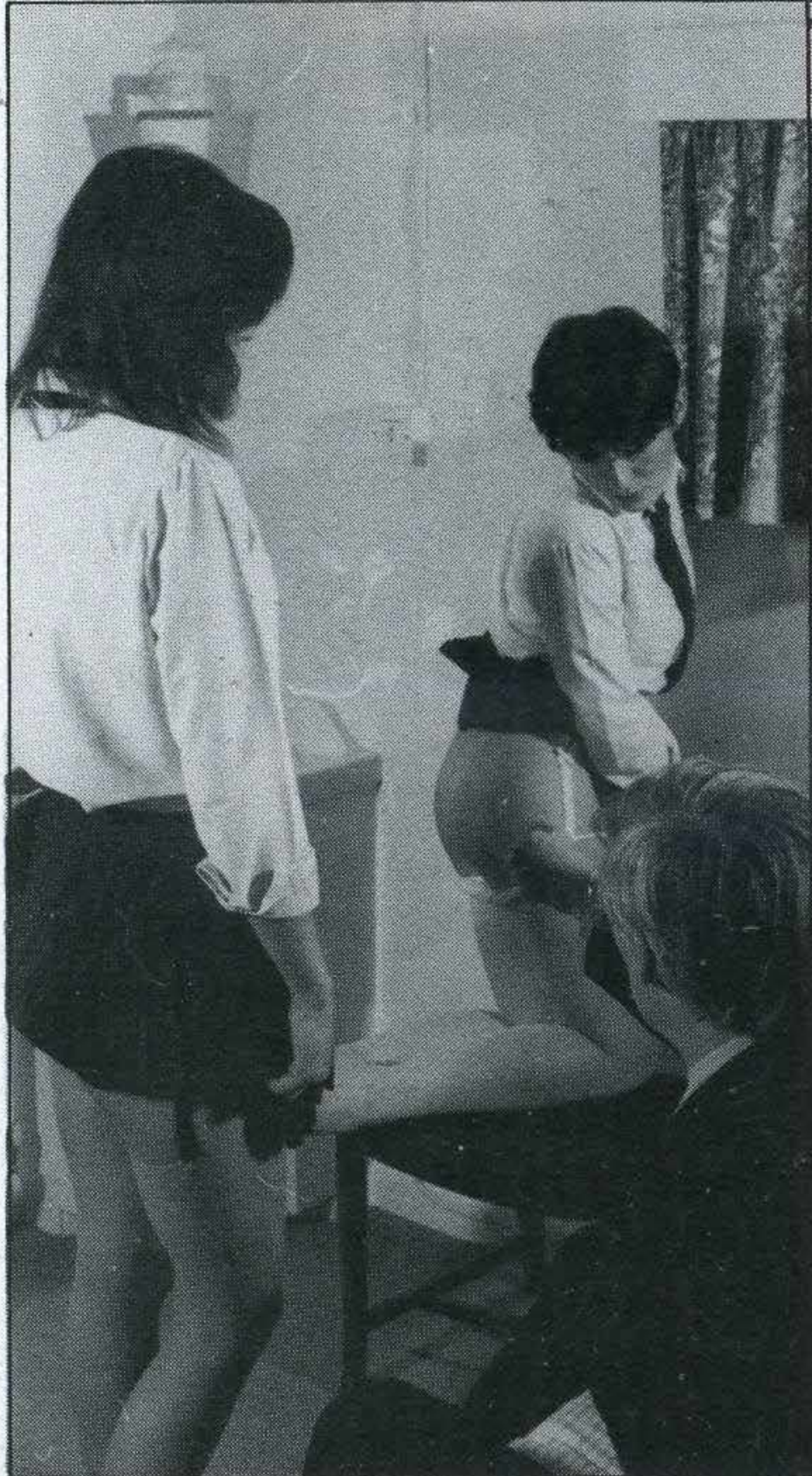


Wilkinson's already injured pride, Reggie hopes that the girl manages not to disgrace her sex by doing any such thing, either now or later, when he has *her* across the committee table in her turn.

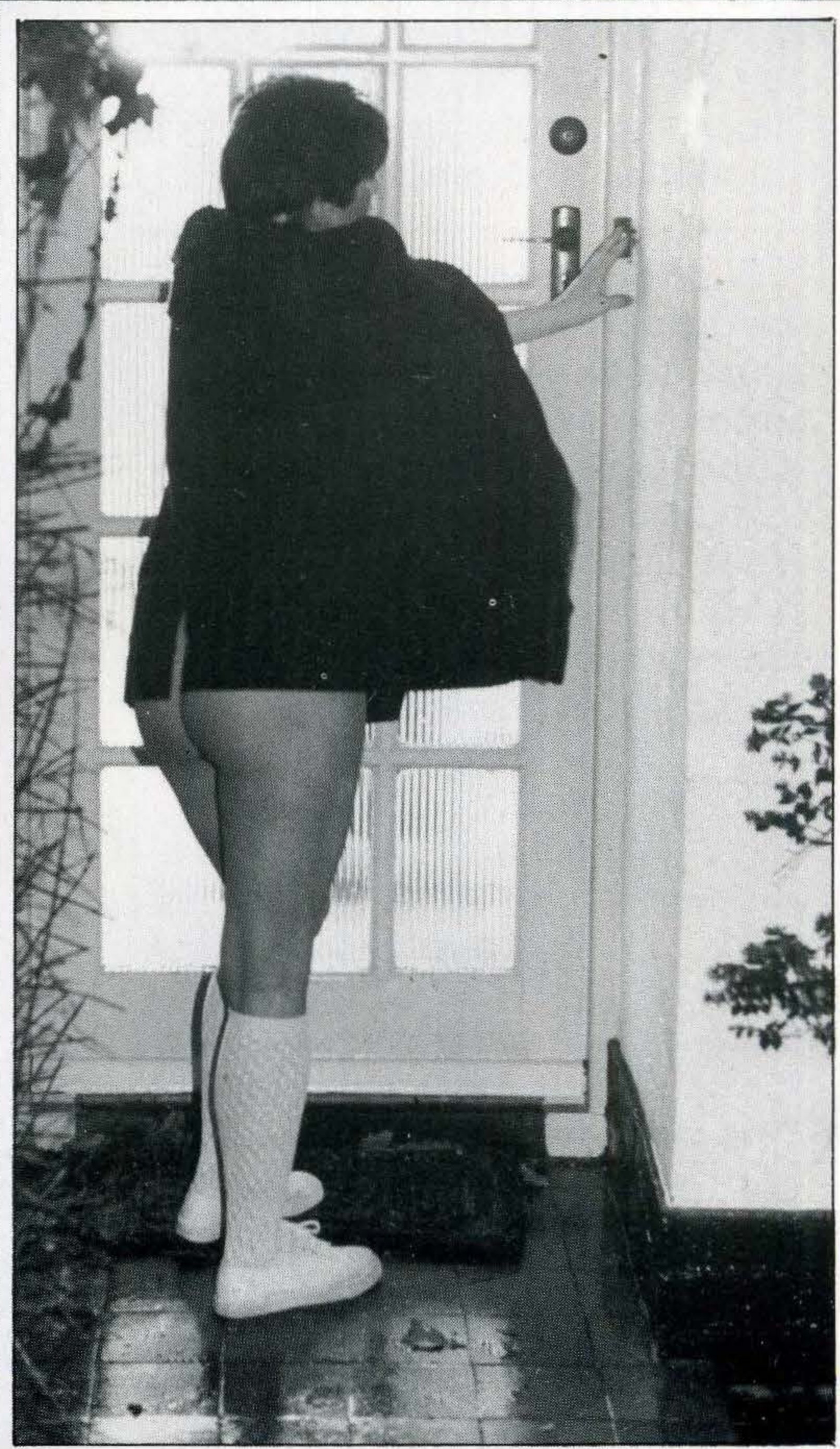
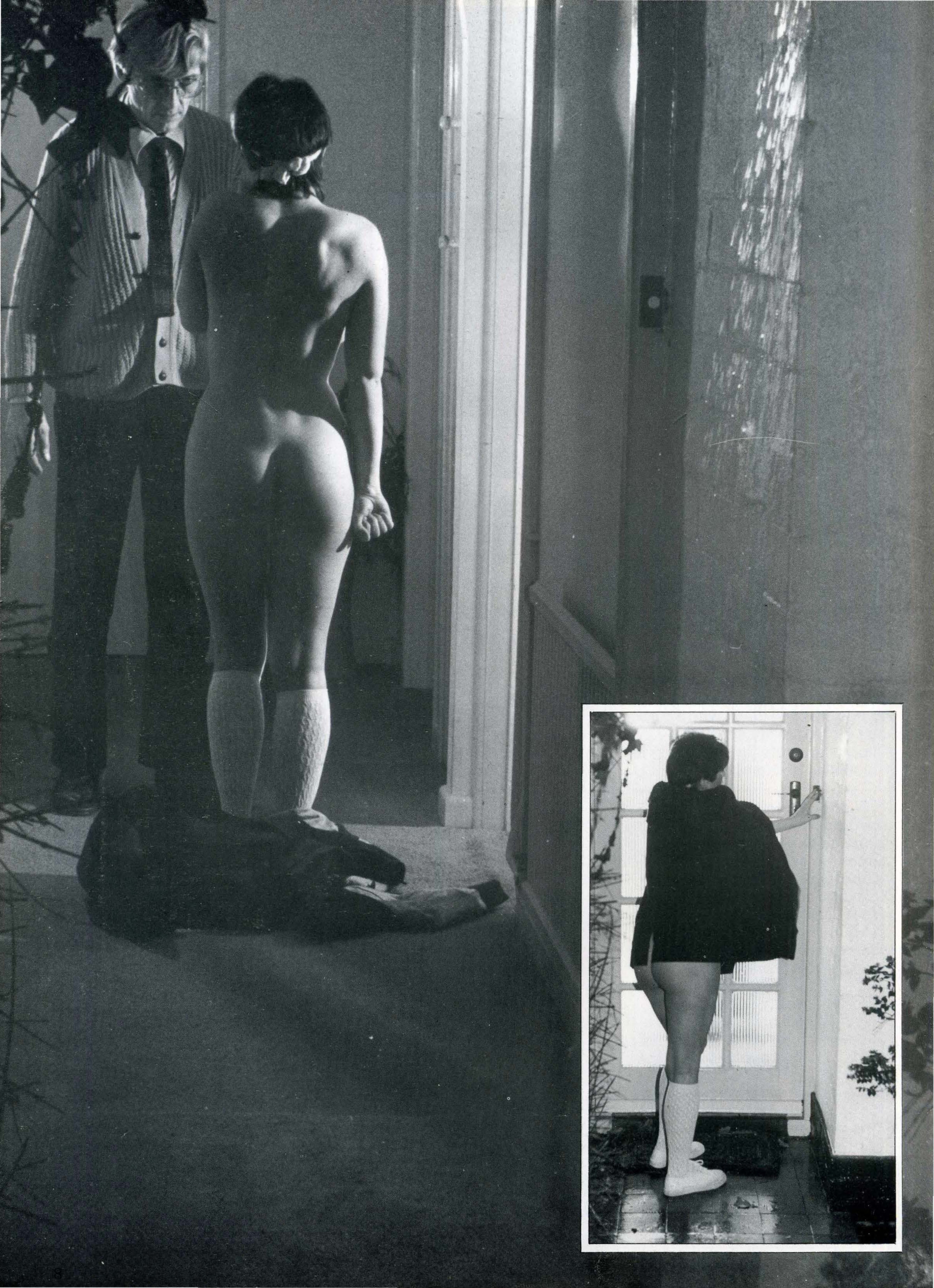
Prompted by the Major, Elizabeth now hoists her skirt to her waist despite Miss Wilkinson's protest at the Major's rather direct way of insisting that they should be allowed to 'have a look at you, girlie', and then, gestured towards the table by a flick of Reggie's cane, Elizabeth approaches it with some trepidation and not a little hesitancy, which Reggie puts a stop to by the expedient of a none-too-gentle nudge in the small of the back. Landing bottom-up across the edge of the table, the girl emits a gasp as she arrives rather precipitately, and then, without pause for more than the briefest survey of the bottom he is about to cane – he has, after all, seen this saucy little bum before, which is why he has been looking forward to gaining access to it again – Reggie lays the cane across the two impertinently up-thrust cheeks, taps them once, twice, measuring and, in truth, delighting in their bouncy resilience, then without any further preliminaries, he brings the cane down with a crack that would satisfy even the Major's appetite for soundness in the matter of caning.

Waiting unhappily just outside the door, Marion Chalmers watched her friend fumbling up under her skirt for that token of schoolgirlishness, her navy blue knickers, and felt her heart sink. What Elizabeth got, she would get in her turn, since the people seated round that table would see no reason to punish either of the girls less severely than the other. Elizabeth's bum, now bared for the cane, was positioned across the edge of the table. Several hands reached out to clasp those of the ashen-faced girl, less to comfort than to restrain, no doubt, and the Headmaster's cane delivered its first, heart-stopping 'thwack!'

Watching Liz's hips wriggle against the table, Marion's panic-stricken brain groped for anything that might yet rescue her from the caning she herself









was about to get in something like a dozen strokes time. Desperate, and not thinking at all clearly, she thought of the only thing that might save her. That's what she would do! She'd tell them about the Headmaster! In fact, she'd tell them about *everything*

'I take it, Chalmers, that you would prefer it if I did *not* cane your disobedient bottom for you, hmm?'

Stretched out across the desk in his study, her knickers clinging to the tops of her thighs and that awful, helpless feeling of naked vulnerability like a halo round her bum, Marion had stuttered that yes, she really *would* prefer not to be caned, sir, if that could possibly be managed, only when she'd said it, it had sounded more like 'Ooogh!' as hope had mingled with despair and the cane, patting her plumped-out buttocks, had intimated that it, at least, would be quite happy not to have the arrangements changed at this last minute. She had pulled her wits together and made herself understandable – just.

'No – no – um – that is, yes sir – er – er –'

'I think I take your drift, Chalmers.' Pat – pat. 'But you *do* have to be punished, of course.' A trifling re-arrangement of her knickers; the hint of the tip of a finger.

'Yes sir –'. A little involuntary squirm of the hips, guiltily suppressed. A slow dawning of understanding through a mist of apprehension, then, with nothing to be lost even by rash imodesty, a slower, deliberate wriggle, the cane's arrival across her upturned bottom expected at any second to chastise her provocativeness, inept though it may have been yet all the more appealing for its evident inexperience.

He flicked the cane up under one cheek, but not hard enough to sting – well, not much. Marion's answering wriggle had been only a little exaggerated – just noticeably so.

'I see you understand – er – the necessity of punishment that is.'

'Yes sir.' Still as a mouse, waiting for the cat to pounce. Had she guessed right? Or was he simply playing?

'Very well, Chalmers. I shall





spank you instead.' His hand under one bum-cheek – the finger-tip hint again. 'Ah – you will come to my house this evening, at seven.'

'Yes sir.' A little too quick, but *how* she hated that cane. Any sacrifice was worth not having to suffer the wretchedness of one of his canings.

'Er – come as before, Chalmers –.'

'Exactly, sir?' *That* had been embarrassing!

'Yes, Chalmers,' with a harder flick of the cane to remind her not to forget.

There were secrets, and *big* secrets. *Big* secrets were things like telling your friends you had to go home for the weekend – 'Lucky cow!' they'd said – and catching the bus at the gate and getting off at the station and waiting out of sight until the Rover nosed into the car park. Coming back on Sunday night and saying how good it had been to be away from the place, and blushing if you met the Headmaster in the corridor on Monday morning. And then, some time that next week, the summons, upon some pretext, to his study. The brisk, no nonsense interview; knickers down, back across the desk for the caning you thought you'd wangled out of the week before. Good and hard so that you didn't get any silly ideas – good and hard, if you but knew it, to remind you so that you were just as anxious next time to wriggle out of another caning the same way as before, even though you were beginning to guess that it was really only a caning deferred, but even that, though, was a comfort when you were across that desk with the stick teasing your bum and the old Man winding up to give you half a dozen real stingers. At sixteen and a half you didn't have the nerve to plump for a caning there and then instead of the next week.

Things like that were *big* secrets – going to the Headmaster's house after supper was a little secret, though getting caught sneaking across the field with just your mac over nothing but naked you would still take some explaining. A girl could die of embarrassment, turning up at the front door of the Old Man's house like that – not that it got better, of course, once you were





in there, with a smacked bottom to come and him keeping you waiting for it without even a pair of knickers on that were going to need taking down!

'I take it, Chalmers, that you would prefer it if I did *not* cane your disobedient bottom for you, Hmm?'

'Yes, sir. You *may* take it. In fact, sir you can take anything whatsoever you happen to fancy taking sir, only *please* don't cane my admittedly disobedient and to be absolutely honest, awfully helpless-feeling bottom!'

And bed-time bum-smackings – that was another thing. Alright, if a girl deserved a spanking, then may be she *ought* to be spanked. But spanked in front of her roommate, and then both made to stip off stark naked before being allowed into their pyjamas, while the Old Man just stood there and watched? Surely *that* wasn't in the rules, was it? What if she told the governors *that*! Half panicking at the sight of Elizabeth's bottom jerking as the last stroke swooshed across it, yet half indignant that that old lecher should get away with what he *did* get away with, Marion's sense of the injustice of it all urged her to throw caution to the winds!

She would tell them! The lot! She was quite determined that she would!

The ensuing few minutes are difficult to describe with mere words. The startling vigor with which Elizabeth's agile young body reacts to the cane's vicious stimulus takes even Reggie, who prides himself on having seen it all before, quite by surprise. One can only suppose that all that talk of 'caning' and 'dozens', and the presence of both the Major and Miss Wilkinson, has heightened the girl's sensibilities to the point where sheer panic magnifies the effects of the cane's application out of all proportion to reality. The cacophonous sounds of cane on bare bottom, of screams, squeals and full-throated yells, together with Miss Wilkinson's complaints at being enlisted, under protest, by Reggie to assist the Major in holding the girl down whilst he gives her the prescribed twelve strokes, and one extra which he sneaks in on the chance that Miss Wilkinson won't have





managed to keep count – well, it would have to be witnessed to be believed!

At length, and after determined efforts on the part of young Elizabeth to frustrate the best efforts of all three of them to send her back to her class with the well-caned bottom she does, in truth, thoroughly deserve, the weeping, bottom-clutching girl is allowed to scoot from the committee room, still howling at the top of her voice.

'Chalmers!' The Headmaster's voice chilled Marion's hot-blooded determination to shop him, but she struggled to keep the intention alive in her breast. As upright as she could walk she went into the room.

'Chalmers – ' The Major was speaking to her, his eyes somewhere about the level of the hem of her skirt. ' – we see no reason to differentiate between the foolishness which you displayed in the matter of the flag-pole and its incineration, and that of your friend, Brown.'

'Sir – um – excuse me sir, but –'

'Take your knickers down, Chalmers.'

'Um – but, sir –'

'Two extra strokes, I think, Headmaster. Now then – knickers down please Chalmers.'

'Oooh – but, please sir –'

'Four, I think, Headmaster.'

'Oh dear –' Marion's skirt inched up her legs as she groped for the waistband of her pants. The cane rattled against the table as the Headmaster picked it up. Marion's knickers slid down to her knees. Did she dare risk one last try?

'Sir – please sir –'

'Six extra strokes, Headmaster.'

Knickers down, bum beginning to tweak at the threatening whistle of the cane as it was swished experimentally several times, Marion's little bout of defiance was over. In due course, to the embarrassment of the Major's secretary, but to no one else's discomfiture save her own, she got her twelve strokes – plus six for being slow about doing as she was told – and between them, she and her bottom afforded a pleasant second half to the morning's business for the assembled worthies of the Board of Governors.





When the telephone in the study upstairs had rung, it could hardly have done so at a worse moment — that is, from young Bab's admittedly self-centred point of view. Those particular bits of 'self' around which her perception of sensation had been obliged to revolve for the best part of the last twenty minutes were those that she would have much preferred to have kept tucked demurely away inside her knickers, except that the said knickers had been demoted — by 'Uncle' Basil — from their duty as preservers of a girl's modesty, and when the phone rang were serving instead as a half-mast token of surrender a little above the level of Bab's knees.



# THE CELLAR



Basil had excused himself from the proceedings down in the cellar with no more ceremony than a patronising pat to the girl's hot and bothered bottom, and she had been abandoned, panting frantically on the very brink of one of those embarrassing happenings that Basil called 'being a good girl', which could hardly be sillier really, because they only happened when she was brought down here for being a *bad* girl.

Now, several minutes after Uncle Basil disappeared up the rickety stairs, Babs snuffles miserably and brushes a tear from her cheek. Her shoes and socks apart, and discounting her knickers which are contributing nothing to the maintenance of her modesty in their forlorn station just above her knees, Babs is quite naked. Her vest lies crumpled on a spindly-legged chair together with her blouse. Her tie is draped over the chair back and her skirt is upstairs somewhere, probably on the study floor. Her cheeks are flushed and her lip pouts unhappily, as though the renewed onset of weeping is but a smart slap or two away.

The certain knowledge that the requisite slaps will most certainly be forthcoming just as soon as Uncle Basil returns makes her bottom tremble faintly at irregular intervals, and the equally unavoidable certainty that he will insist on beginning again, coaxing, teasing and spanking her by turns until she humiliates herself by doing what she was on the very verge of doing when the phone rang despite the smart in her bum; or perhaps even partly because of it — she really doesn't know — makes her knees go to jelly and her pouty bottom lip pushes out yet more disconsolately.

Upstairs, Basil is writing a name into his diary — "Ann — oh, Anne with an 'e'? Fine, at eight o'clock? OK. Thanks Reggie. And I'll come along to you afterwards — for a drink — alright? Good." He chuckles conspiratorially "And I'll give Babs your regards. I dare say she'll remember you." His chuckle becomes a smile as he listens briefly. "Yes — you interrupted me, as a matter of fact" He laughs again "Such are the perks of guardianship." An eyebrow raises whimsically. "Hmm? Well, what about next weekend? I'll be

gone all day Sunday — Babs will be here, of course. OK, Sunday it is. Speak to you about it later. 'Bye.'

Downstairs, Babs hears a 'clump-thud-bump' as Basil leaves the study which has her thighs pressing uneasily against each other, squeezing and relaxing by turns for several moments in unintentional imitation of the little semi-static dance she was performing a few minutes earlier to Uncle Basil's expert coaxing. Bab's bum-cheeks tweak together as her uncle's footsteps approach the door to the cellar, and then they soften reluctantly as the sound passes like summer thunder into the distance. Each firm, full buttock is warmly crimsoned around the sitting down bits, and finger-shaped blotches extend round her flanks and down the upper parts of her legs almost to the level of her pulled-down pants. Overlaying this tender-looking redness are perhaps eight or nine roughly parallel marks which clearly do not result from the same application of palm to bottom that produced the generally well-punished look of the girl's unfortunate bum. A cane has visited these youthful cheeks, and very recently.

Renewed clumping from above prompts a sudden straightening of the girl's posture, bottom pushing out saucily behind and impudent breasts bouncing just the once as she pulls herself up to her full height.

She looks up and over her shoulder and catches sight of a pair of brown brogue shoes on the upper stair, hears the click of the latch and the well-oiled side of a bolt. She stoops and picks up two weighty books, which she has to do with both hands together. Balancing the one on top of the other, she lifts them in front of her face and places them on top of her head. Trembling, she slides the books forward and back until she finds the point at which they will sit in equilibrium. Basil's footsteps approach and stop directly at her back.

"Well now, we'll just have to start again, won't we, eh?"

His hand pat-pats up under her buttocks. They jiggle a little, each cheek in its turn, and the books try to slip sideways. Babs reaches up with both hands — the books are too thick to be held

together by the span of one of her small hands; she has to hold each separately lest they should slide apart and fall. Uncle Basil seats himself on a stool at her side, his knees either side of her legs, her bottom convenient to his right hand and the warm, smooth downward sweep of her belly convenient to his left. Upon her head, *Pilgrim's Progress*, topped by an unabridged edition of *Crime and Punishment*, occupy both her hands still, which is, after all, the books' sole purpose. Hands which are kept busy above head-height cannot interfere with other hands as they spank and stroke and smack and coax and slap and slip between nervous thighs.

"Uncle Reggie sends his regards by the way," observes Basil, nudging the girl forward a fraction to get her in exactly the right position.

"Oooh — oh dear." says Babs warily as she shuffles the required half inch.

"Yes. He was wondering whether you might be in need of another lesson."

"Oooh. Um — I-I don't really th-think —"

A loud, echoing report as Basil's hand cracks across Bab's nervous bum-cheeks cuts short whatever it is the girl is trying to say. She squirms her bottom desperately, feeling the heat of her earlier punishment returning instantly.

"I told him you *were*. Euclid has never been your strong point, and Reggie knows an awful lot about that sort of thing, you know."

"Oooo —" Babs remembers her last geometry lesson only too well, although she might have been forgiven for thinking it was actually more to do with anatomy.

"He's coming on Sunday."

"Oh — but — but —"

Basil smacks the impudent cheeks casually but firmly.

"Come along, Babs. Stick it out. That's it my pet."

A solid spank makes Babs start so that *Pilgrim's Progress* slithers dangerously backwards and Babs squeals as the tenderness in her bottom is re-kindled in earnest.

A second meaty slap sees tears starting from under her eye-lashes. She wriggles her hips and swerves a little aside and *Crime and Punishment* tilts perilously as Babs reaches down



to give her bum, a frantic, illicit rub, and suddenly the book topples from her head and thuds to the floor.

Her startled gasp and wide-eyed look make this minor piece of clumsiness seem a desperate misfortune. Pilgrim's Progress is caught only just in time, but already the damage has been done.

"Oh no — no, please —"

But Uncle Basil is not listening. Leaning forward from his stool he can reach the slender, crook-handled cane on a hook screwed to a timber upright. The tip of the cane shivers in anticipation as it is drawn back and held bottom-high, threatening the girl's flinching cheeks. Babs looks behind and knows that there is no way out of the mandatory three stinging strokes for dropping a book, but she blabs out her gasping, tearful pleas any way. Basil listens until she subsides into hopeless silence, then the cane swishes round. Babs jerk her hips forward, pubic swell thrusting onto Basil's waiting hand. Two more strokes arrive with hardly two seconds between them, and suddenly Babs is blubbing in earnest, snatching and clutching with her one free hand at the fresh weals already swelling around the undercurves of her buttocks.

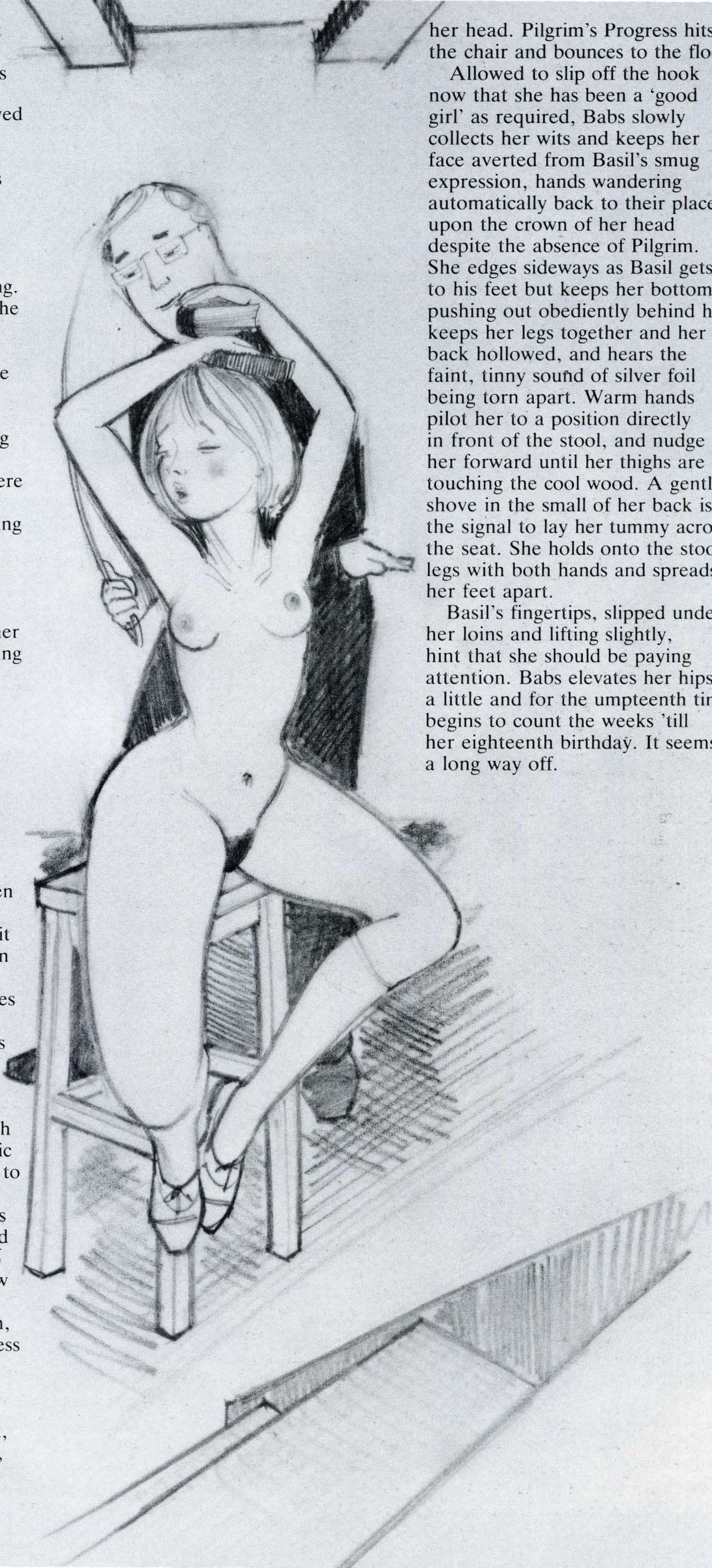
Basil lets her calm herself, which takes several minutes, then he picks up the dropped book and offers it to her. Babs takes it tearfully and balances it again on top of her head. She holds the volumes with both hands, shuffles unwillingly back to her place between Basil's knees, and eases the contact of thigh against thigh so that Basil's eager digits can take up where they left off: she wants only to get it over with now, and with the slow, rhythmic application of Basil's right hand to her quivering bottom to help her along Babs eventually begins to shudder a little every now and then as she pushes forward onto Basil's busy fingers. Quickly now that she is on the way, her reluctance becomes co-operation, her to and fro-ing seems to be less a response to the continuing spanks than to the insistence of Basil's expert coaxing.

Whimperingly she obliges at last, eyes tightly shut, knees bending, fingers loosing their grip on the books wobbling dangerously on

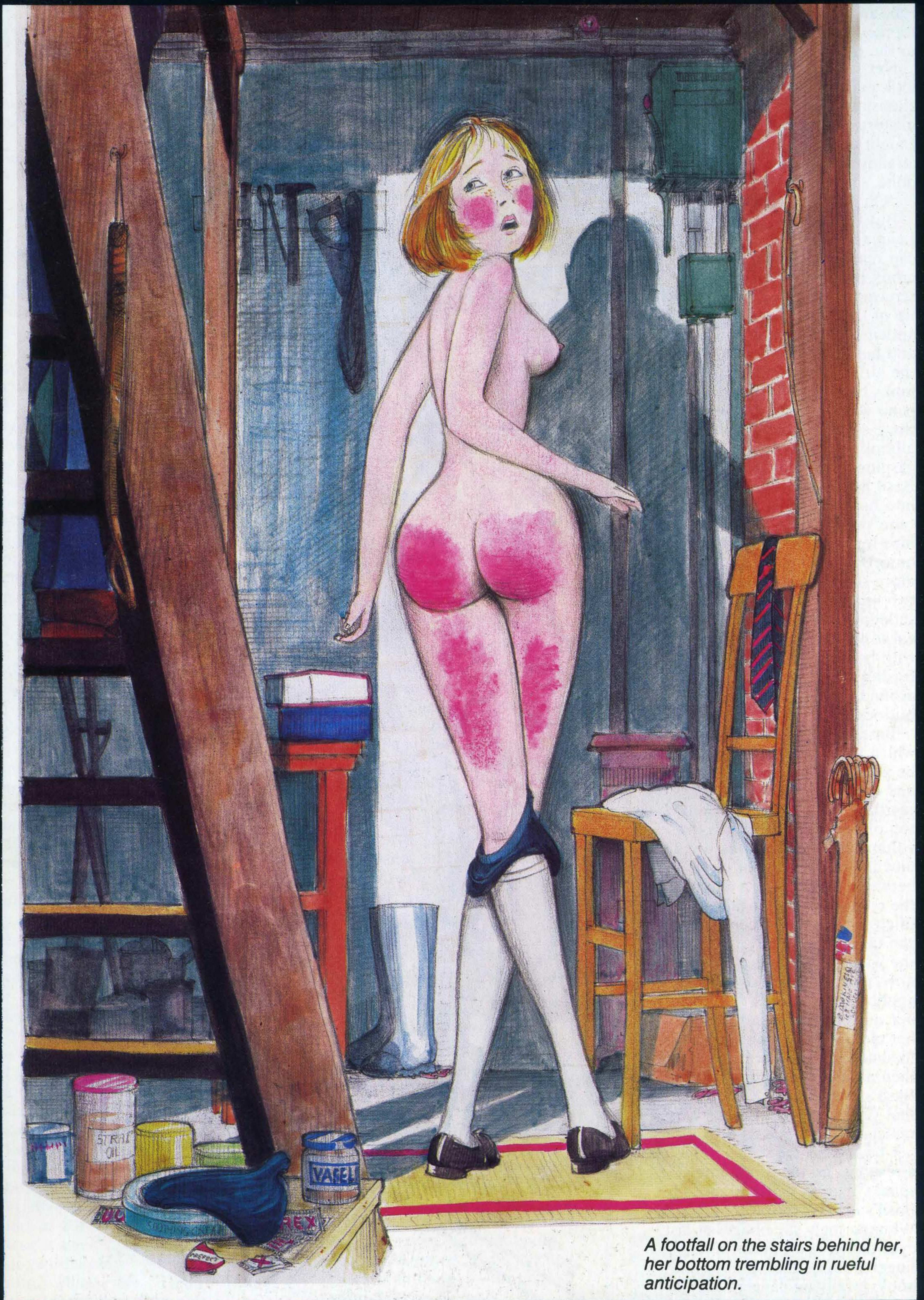
her head. Pilgrim's Progress hits the chair and bounces to the floor.

Allowed to slip off the hook now that she has been a 'good girl' as required, Babs slowly collects her wits and keeps her face averted from Basil's smug expression, hands wandering automatically back to their place upon the crown of her head despite the absence of Pilgrim. She edges sideways as Basil gets to his feet but keeps her bottom pushing out obediently behind her, keeps her legs together and her back hollowed, and hears the faint, tinny sound of silver foil being torn apart. Warm hands pilot her to a position directly in front of the stool, and nudge her forward until her thighs are touching the cool wood. A gentle shove in the small of her back is the signal to lay her tummy across the seat. She holds onto the stool's legs with both hands and spreads her feet apart.

Basil's fingertips, slipped under her loins and lifting slightly, hint that she should be paying attention. Babs elevates her hips a little and for the umpteenth time begins to count the weeks 'till her eighteenth birthday. It seems a long way off.







A footfall on the stairs behind her, her bottom trembling in rueful anticipation.





From the window of his office, if he cared to look out of it, Arnold would be able to watch the sedate progress of the Thames as it flowed seawards under the arches of Westminster Bridge. The sun is out, glittering on the water, and a pleasure boat slips down on the tide and swings in a wide arc towards Westminster Pier, butting into the current as it completes the turn and edges in to the landing stage. But Arnold does not care to watch the river this afternoon; he prefers instead to rest his eyes on the full breasts of Miss Bloom, his secretary, as she and her inexpert shorthand try to catch up with Arnold's dictation. Her pen scratches at her pad, dashes horizontally across it as she crosses something out, and she looks up in time to catch her boss's eyes on her breasts.

'Sorry, Mr Dawson — what was that last bit again?'

Arnold sighs theatrically. 'What I probably said, Miss Bloom, is that you need your bottom smacked, which might encourage you to improve your note-taking.'

Miss Bloom looks suitably chastened, but she knows it's just a game Mr Dawson plays to amuse himself and to embarrass her. 'Yes, sir. But what was the bit before that?'

'Ah — I dare say it was to the effect that you should have your knickers taken down, *before* having your bottom smacked.'

Miss Bloom's cheeks pinken dutifully. She knows better than to encourage him in his silliness. She averts her eyes and waits for decorum to re-establish itself, which it does after a moment or two.

'Um —' The expected percentage increase in the projected budgeted expenditure levels will have to be borne by the D of E — semi-colon — this department's involvement will be with the educational aspects only — full stop.' Usual salutations, Miss Bloom.

'Yes, sir,' Miss Bloom, trim and petite, folds her note pad. 'Will that be all, sir?'

'Yes, thank you. Let me have it before lunch, will you?'

'Yes sir.'

'Oh — and Miss Bloom —' The girl turns back towards the desk, having been on her way out. 'Ring your boyfriend and tell him you'll be late meeting

# CIVIL SERVANT'S PERKS



him this evening. Five past five, after work, I shall want to find you across your desk, knickers around your knees — you know the form by now, I suppose. Good hiding, that's what you need, my girl.'

'Yes sir.' Miss Bloom turns for the door again, eyes appealing to Heaven. He's getting worse — lucky for them both that she's got a sense of humour. It never occurs to Miss Bloom that Arnold actually means what he says about spanking her — she just puts it down to eccentricity and an overactive imagination. She shuts the door firmly behind her and puts the old fool's idiosyncrasies out of her head.

Arnold leans back in his leather armchair and smiles thoughtfully at Miss Bloom's indulgence of him. He knows that she thinks him a fool, of course, but it's fun — and in the past the same style of idle banter has provided unexpected rewards. That line about 'Over your desk at five past five, knickers around your knees — did once result in a rather distraught seventeen year old from Records turning up at the door of his office at half past five one Friday evening to ask whether she'd made a mistake, and was it *her* desk she was supposed to be across with her knickers down — only if it was, it was going to be a bit embarrassing, what with the people from the security desk downstairs wandering around in the office where she worked, wanting to lock up — or was it *his* desk she was supposed to be across, in which case she was sorry for being so silly and was she too late now or should she just pull her knickers down? It had never happened since, of course, but Arnold hadn't quite given up hope that it might, one day. The girl from Records had been promoted rapidly to Assistant Secretary and had worked late most evenings, but had proven to be far less imaginative than Arnold had given her credit for. Smacked bottoms she had taken in her stride, seeming to think either that Arnold was actually *entitled* to spank her or that her work was so bad that she deserved to be punished —

the latter seemed the most likely in retrospect, as she turned out to be the daughter of a minister of some strange sectarian religion and was imbued with a highly developed sense of guilt which seemed to manifest itself, whenever she did something wrong, in the form of a need to take her pants down and expiate her sins across Arnold's knees. It had all gone alarmingly wrong, however, when Arnold had sought to trespass upon her naivety further by suggesting that rather than bottom up across the end of his desk, perhaps she should be given her 'punishment', on this occasion, up the other way. It had taken her about ten seconds to realise what Arnold meant to do to her, and it had taken Arnold's salary for three months to persuade her and her parents and several clergymen who materialised from nowhere when the balloon went up, to keep quiet about it. Ah well — water under the bridge.

At this point, Arnold suddenly remembers the letter he has had in his pocket ever since this morning, after he scooped it off the doormat a few seconds before his wife got to it. He read it briefly on the train, but it deserved to be savoured in private. He leans forward and presses a button on his intercom.

'Miss Bloom — I should like to be undisturbed for fifteen minutes, please.'

'Yes sir.' comes her distorted voice. Arnold takes the letter from his pocket and puts it on his desk. The envelope is fat and promising. He slips two fingers inside and slides out a folded sheet of paper, which he puts to one side. He does the same with a second sheet, this one a photostat copy, and then he tips the envelope and two black and white photographs drop onto his blotter. These he studies intently.

The pictures are both of the same girl. One is a straight-forward shot of her face, taken from directly in front. She smiles demurely into the camera. Her hair is short and light in colour, her eyes are wide and innocent. This,

presumably, is a photograph taken for the purposes of identification or record-keeping. One would have to describe the girl as pretty. Arnold turns the photograph over. On the back is the annotation 'Jennifer Quigley, 16 years.'

The reverse of the second photograph is blank, but from the hairstyle and the shape of the face in profile it is clearly the same girl, engaged in what looks to be a netball game. She is dressed in a white sports vest, dark shorts, ankle socks and plimsolls. She seems to be jumping for a ball, although it is not included in the picture; her hair is tossed, her head turned to the right, one hand reaches above her, her shoulders are turned in the direction she is looking but her hips are more or less square-on to the camera. The photo has been taken in strong sunlight, which strikes across the girl's body from left to right and models the shape of her legs and buttocks distinctly. One would not say she is plump, yet there *is* a look of plumpness about her hips in particular. Rather than plumpness, perhaps, one might say that it is the beginnings of that innocent maturing a girl evidences in her mid-teens as she slips imperceptibly out of simple girlhood into that far more interesting state that obtains for a few years before she becomes too grown-up for the freshness to stay with her.

Her shorts are typical of those the girls wear for sports at the school — designed apparently more for the delectation of the onlooker than to preserve the girls' modesty. They are cut to angle up from under the buttocks to the outside of the thigh, where a slit of two inches or so gives freedom of movement to strong young legs. In the case of the girl in the photograph, her shorts are pulled closely round her bottom-cheeks by the snugness of the seam that runs up between them, while being a little loose-fitting at the side so that there is a suggestion of bare buttocks peeping fractionally below the line of the shorts.

Arnold studies the shape and fullness and firm, round



impudence of the girl's bottom until he feels that he can almost heft the weight and cup the resilience of those saucy young cheeks in the palm of a hand, warm and alive to the touch.

At length he slips the photographs back into the envelope and unfolds the photostat sheet. It is a copy of an enrollment form that has been filled in on the girl's behalf. The word 'uncle' appears in the box headed, 'relationship of sponsor to applicant'. Most of the details on the form hold little significance for Arnold; the girl's home is in Surrey, it would seem. Under 'Membership of organisations' is the entry, 'Girl Guides'; that, presumably, no longer applies. Guides cease to be Guides at sixteen, don't they? They turn into Rangers, or some such thing. At the bottom of the form is a box printed with the words 'Parental punishment recommendations'; the whole story is in that oblong space.

There is a note to the sponsor, the person required to fill in the form, to the effect that 'Corporal punishment, in the form of spankings on the bared buttocks, is the recognised method of discipline at the Institute. Parents/sponsors are required to indicate their approval of this policy by signing in the space provided below. No girl will be enrolled whose sponsor has not completed this section.'

In the space below is the signature of a certain R.E. Quigley. Below this signature is another division of the oblong space, with a second printed note to the sponsor. 'Experience has indicated that some girls cannot be controlled adequately by spanking alone. It is assumed that sponsors will have an intimate knowledge of the applicants personality, and some may consider caning to be more appropriate to their daughter's/ward's temperament. Caning is administered by the Headmaster only, on the girl's bared buttocks. Sponsors are asked to indicate whether they would prefer their daughter/ward to be caned should occasion for such punishment arise.'

There is a space for the

sponsor's preference to be recorded. Mrs. A. Quigley has written: 'My experience has been that Jennifer is a well-behaved girl who will certainly not require more than the bare minimum of punishment to render her obedient and hard-working. Caning will not be necessary.' Interestingly, however, this remark has been crossed through and the legend 'See below' has been added, together with the signature of Mr. R.E. Quigley.

In the last box on the form there is yet another printed note. 'Sponsors preferring their daughters/wards to be caned should indicate their preference with regard to the maximum number of strokes to be administered on each occasion. The minimum number recommended is four.' There follows a series of numbers; four, six, eight, ten, twelve; with little boxes beside each for a tick against the appropriate number. There is also a sixth box, and alongside it the note; 'At the Headmaster's discretion (up to eighteen strokes).' Mr. Quigley's tick has been placed in this last box, and his signature has been added for good measure.

Arnold takes out the photographs again and tries to picture that pert and bouncy bottom squirming under eighteen strokes of the cane. He looks at the portrait photograph and tells himself that it would be a pity to cane this wide-eyed and sensitive girl — but intensely exciting nevertheless. He can't resist another look at her bottom on the other picture, and then he slides the photos and the photostat form back into the envelope. He unfolds the accompanying letter and scans it for references to the girl.

'— imagine she would be ideal. Her uncle paid us a visit just before the beginning of term, and his motivation is perfectly transparent, despite his discretion. His interest in the girl seems not to extend much beyond what's inside her knickers, but I should think he is frustrated by the girl's aunt in his endeavors to find out. Fortunately, it would appear that this lady is actually nothing

to do with the girl so far as guardianship is concerned; uncle's decisions regarding caning and so on cannot therefore be challenged. His reasons would seem to be an amalgam of the usual ones — he wants her to be punished pretty soundly while she's here, so that at the end of term he can threaten to send her back for another dose at Christmas if she doesn't get her pants down like a good girl — he hopes she'll be humiliated by the regime we run here (he pretended to be surprised that girls aren't 'stripped stark naked' for their canings — I dare say I shall be able to accommodate him with regard to that) as a kind of retribution for having resisted him this far — and he 'hopes he'll be given the opportunity to witness one of her canings'. Presumably auntie would put the kibosh on any attempts of his own to discipline the girl. Need I say more?

You need say nothing more at all. Arnold skips through the rest of the letter, making a note that it would be 'appreciated' if the grant for the improvement of the swimming pool could be hurried up a little. Arnold decides that he'll have a word with Blandish — he's the fellow who deals with grants for independent schools; no point in keeping him waiting any longer than necessary, especially now that he's got this little sweetheart signed up and delivered by her uncle. He reads the postscript; 'Have had the girl Jennifer's pants down a couple of times, and she spansks up very nicely. Shall invent a reason to cane her for when you come down.'

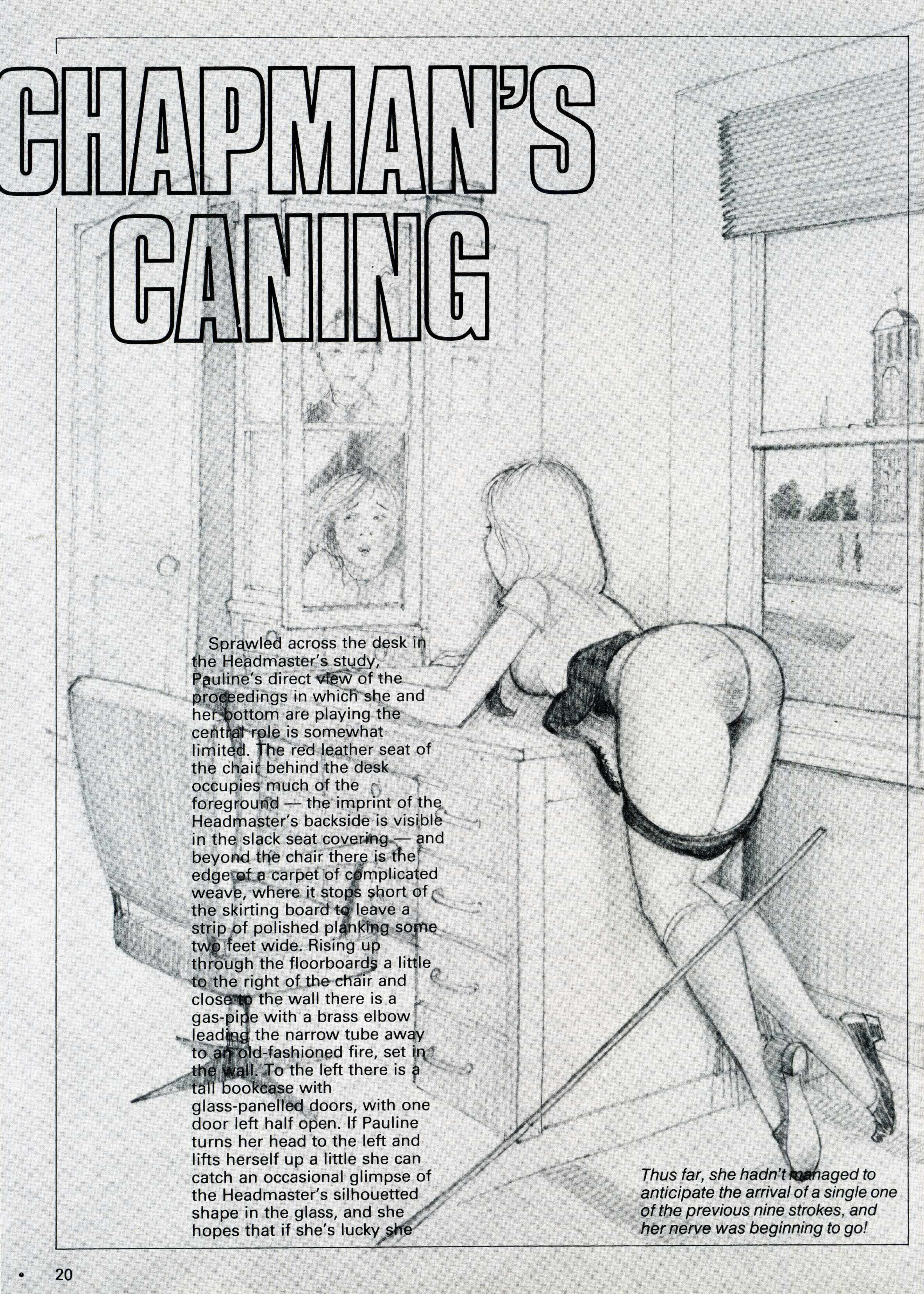
Arnold puts the letter away and presses an intercom button to call Miss Bloom. "Miss Bloom — I shall want a reservation at the Station Hotel in Dorchester for tonight."

'Yes sir.' Miss Bloom is feeling a little bitchy after this morning's teasing at her boss's hands. 'Shall I book us a double bed, sir, or would you prefer twins?'

'A single room, Miss Bloom.' The intercom clicks off. Miss Bloom blows the machine a raspberry; sometimes that man can be insufferable.



# CHAPMAN'S CANING



Sprawled across the desk in the Headmaster's study, Pauline's direct view of the proceedings in which she and her bottom are playing the central role is somewhat limited. The red leather seat of the chair behind the desk occupies much of the foreground — the imprint of the Headmaster's backside is visible in the slack seat covering — and beyond the chair there is the edge of a carpet of complicated weave, where it stops short of the skirting board to leave a strip of polished planking some two feet wide. Rising up through the floorboards a little to the right of the chair and close to the wall there is a gas-pipe with a brass elbow leading the narrow tube away to an old-fashioned fire, set in the wall. To the left there is a tall bookcase with glass-panelled doors, with one door left half open. If Pauline turns her head to the left and lifts herself up a little she can catch an occasional glimpse of the Headmaster's silhouetted shape in the glass, and she hopes that if she's lucky she

*Thus far, she hadn't managed to anticipate the arrival of a single one of the previous nine strokes, and her nerve was beginning to go!*



might be able to see the cane as he draws it back to give her another stroke. Thus far, Pauline has managed to anticipate none of the nine strokes her upturned bottom has been given, and her nerve is beginning to go. The suspense of waiting for that cane to swish across her bum is making her legs tremble, and her buttocks tweak and twitch at the slightest hint that it's on its way again.

Though she still holds herself a little away from the desk and tries to see what's about to happen to her unfortunate bottom, her eyes are filled with tears and all she can see is a blurred movement in the glass. She squeezes her cheeks together and gasps a breath, but the cane doesn't descend. Her tensed body quivers as she waits for it — two, three, four seconds drag past — she subsides across the desk-top, her crimson-wealed bum-cheeks soften and round out as her knees bend and her legs relax, her pent-up breath escapes her lips as a plaintive sigh, and the cane whips wickedly across the crown of both unsuspecting buttocks.

Pauline's anguished squeal is heard by a gaggle of girls outside in the corridor as they pass by on their way to the refectory for lunch; half a dozen nervous bottoms twitch in sympathy with Pauline's squirming bum and across the quadrangle the caretaker looks up from one of his man-holes towards the study's partly-open window and smiles an appreciative smile. The wretched Pauline reaches behind her and squeezes at her bottom with both hands and gets a rap across her knuckles for her cheek. The Headmaster surreptitiously eases the rigidity in his trousers to a more comfortable position and flicks the tip of his cane across the backs of the girl's thighs.

Pauline's knickers slither an inch nearer to her knees as she snaps her legs straight, and she lies across the desk trembling and gasping and blowing ruefully on the backs of her hands when there is a puff of breath to spare. The cane tap-taps along the chubby under-curve of her buttocks and she stiffens instantly. Her toes

dig into the carpet and her bum begins its twitching again. Her back hollows and she clings on to her self-control by telling herself there are only two more to come — only two more strokes — only two.

The sudden jangling of the telephone, a few inches from her right ear, shocks her almost as much as the arrival of the cane across her bottom would have done. She bursts into a fit of sobbing that becomes a series of strangled whines as the backs of her legs get several hard slaps and she is told to keep quiet while the Headmaster answers the phone.

Pauline is too preoccupied with the sting in her bottom and the smart across her thighs to take notice of what is being said, except that it's someone called Basil. Pauline bites her lip to stop her frightened sobs sneaking out, and presses her thighs together and rubs her knees against each other in a little circular motion to distract her attention from the heat in her bottom. Through her confused brain runs the thought that she could have avoided all this; next time her guardian sends her to the potting shed and wants to take her knickers down, she won't be silly enough to threaten to tell 'auntie'; she'll just do as she's told. She'll be a 'good little girl', just so long as he promises not to send her back to this awful place anymore. She hears the receiver being replaced on the telephone and her bum shivers in anticipation of the two more strokes to come.

The last couple of cane-strokes are administered with as much vigour as the others all were, leave Pauline slumped over the desk awash with tears and gasping for breath between her sobs. Her legs sag from under her and she slides slowly to the floor, hands clutching at her crimson bottom. The Headmaster puts the cane back in the cupboard and assumes his seat behind the desk.

Pauline, who has done all this before, gets to her feet and stumbles over to the corner of the room nearest the window. Her knickers slip down to her ankles on the way but she knows better than to attempt to

retrieve them. She hides her face behind her hands and cries as quietly as she can, gulping deep breaths in an effort to regain her composure.

The Headmaster leans back in his chair and contemplates the entirely satisfactory state — from his point of view, of course — of the girl's bottom; cane weals curve round the lower parts of each chubby bum-cheek, none of them having gone much astray despite the wrigglyness of those young buttocks at various stages of the caning he has just given them. A rather attractive pink flush extends down the backs of her thighs where he slapped them when the 'phone rang; gratuitous exploitation of the girl, of course, but isn't that partly what girls like Chapman are for, he muses.

While the Headmaster slips into a chauvinistic reverie whilst contemplating the girl's punished bum, Pauline stops crying and, greatly daring, risks a peep over her shoulder in mute supplication. She'd like to be told to pull her knickers up and get back to her class; standing around half-naked in the Head's study is asking for trouble. The Headmaster raises an eyebrow at her forwardness but lets the slip pass uncommented. He tells her to tidy herself up and run along. Pauline retrieves her pants from her ankles and finds her skirt, then comes to stand in front of the desk.

'Feel like giggling now, Chapman?'

'No sir.'

'No more than you feel like sitting down, I dare say. Hmm?'

'N-no sir.'

'No — well buzz off then, and send in Markham.'

'Yes sir. Th-thank you sir.'

'My pleasure Chapman.'

Pauline makes her exit, and a space of ten seconds intervenes before a timid tap on the door heralds the arrival of the next on the list.

'Excuse me sir — Amanda Markham.'

'Come in, Markham.'

In due course Markham's knickers part company with her bottom and she, like Chapman before her, learns to sing a new verse to the same old school song.



The window in the Headmaster's study is open about six inches or so, and a cool draught is wafting across the bareness of the girl's legs below the hem of her short skirt. The breeze slips up under the neat pleats and floats around the snug fit of her school knickers; it finds its way between her legs and the backs of her thighs feel goosepimply. Trying not to draw attention to herself the girl edges sideways in an attempt to get out of the draught — not because she's cold, and goodness knows, she's likely to be grateful enough of a cooling influence on her bottom before this interview is over — but because the airiness makes her feel as if she's already half naked. She doesn't need reminding about *that*.

Her eyes follow the movement of the Headmaster's pen as it scratches quietly across the page of a book. Sandra's name is appended to a lengthening list, while the girl herself rubs surreptitiously at her bottom under her skirt — though quite *why* she does so she would be at a loss to explain. The pen is placed on the desk, the steely eyes glance up.

'Don't fidget, child!'

'S-sorry sir.'

She shivers, and it has nothing to do with the breeze through the window. Her tummy feels peculiar, and she finds her mind wandering to thoughts of how her bottom is going to feel in a little while, when a crooked finger beckons her towards the desk, when her knickers have to — oooogh! — the vision is too painful to contemplate.

'Now then —'

She jumps visibly, the sharp tang of immediacy in the Headmaster's voice sending panicky shudders down her back. She watches with an anxious expression on her sweet young face as the bulky figure of the Headmaster heaves itself from the red leather chair, slides the armchair round so that the desk will interfere as little as possible with the arrangements about to be set in motion, then looks at her over the top of his reading spectacles. He blinks

# NEXT PLEASE!

myopically, and removes his glasses to substitute another pair. He looks the girl up and down, but she doubts whether it's his spectacles he's trying out. It's her own youthful shape that he's considering, wondering how best to come at the plump promise of her bottom while keeping the robust rest of her securely under control.

'You know why you're here, I presume?'

'Um — yes sir.'

'And why is that, hmmm?'

'Er — 'cos I've done something wrong sir. I mean, I think that's what you mean, sir.'

'Yes, my dear. That is precisely what I mean. I mean that you, Miss have been a naughty girl. Which means *what*, do you suppose? Eh?'

'Um — I d-don't quite under —'

'It means that you have to be punished! That's what it *means* my pet.'

'I — I see, sir. Um — I think I already knew that, sir.' She pouts rather prettily, and manages to look so innocent in her ruefulness that the Headmaster has to smile at her. He eyes her up and down again, amused at her discomfiture.

'Yes. It's not the first time, of course, is it?'

She shakes her head, and a strand of hair falls across her face. She flicks it back self-consciously and catches his eye again.

'No, not the first time Sandra. I think I can safely say that you know what bottoms are for at *this* school, if anyone does, hmmm?'

'Y-yes sir.' Sandra puts her hands together behind her back and twines her fingers nervously around each other.

And — Bailey, I'm talking to you, girl — look at me when I'm speaking.' She looks warily up at his face, lower lip trembling, wishing that she hadn't forgotten that little point that always seemed to be so important to him. He always liked a girl to look at him in the face when he was about to take her knickers down. 'I was about to say — that you will know what is next on the agenda, eh?'

'Um —.' Sandra looks helplessly at him, her cheeks reddening even as she does so. 'Er —.' Her hands unclasp and wander hesitantly to the front of her skirt. Her fingers lift the hem the tiniest fraction, as if asking a question, though she knows the answer well enough.

The Headmaster plumps down in his chair, making himself comfortable. Sandra draws reluctantly nearer and pulls the front of her skirt up to her hips, then to her waist. She reaches behind and hoists the back up too, so that she is standing there with her navy-blue knickers on full view. It's always the same — the sheer humiliation of having to do it is almost worse than the spanking itself. But at least it *is* going to be a spanking — she hopes. Behind the Headmaster's chair, through the glass of the tall cupboard, she can see the slender, crooked handle of one of the canes that are kept there. If she needs any prompting to play the part that the Headmaster customarily assigns to her as one of his favourites, the sight of that stick is it.

The fat little swell in her knickers claims all of the Headmaster's attention. The elastic nips into the softness of the tops of her thighs, accentuating her youthful girlishness and the appealing pout of the succulence inside her pants. He looks up at her, seeking the flush of embarrassment in her cheeks. She obliges him, unavoidably, by blushing cherry red.

Cool fingers slip into the elastic and draw her knickers slowly down her thighs, the



swell of her belly giving way to a soft downy growth of blonde hair. Sandra trembles and looks away just as he looks up into her face again.

'Sandra' His voice has a warning ring to it. She makes herself look into his face, feeling the humiliation bringing tears to her eyes already. She is made to turn a little sideways, so that the chubbiness of her bottom is accessible to an eager hand. It pats paternally up under the plumpness of her cheeks, then it slips gently between her legs, coaxing her closer, and then she loses her balance and plops awkwardly across the familiar lap with it's same, thrusting protruberance inside the tweed trousers. Her thighs press warmly together against the intimate wanderings of the fingers, and then he is slapping her playfully, telling her how to arrange herself; legs straight, bottom pushing up just so, head well down on the far side.

He settles her across his knees, runs his hand lightly over the smoothness of her saucy young cheeks, smacks each of them lightly and hears her gasp with the panic of anticipation as he teases her bum with several more cheerful spansks.

'Now then, young Sandra?'

Sandra knows what comes next. She licks her lips and recites the catechism.

'S-Sir — please sir — please p-punish me, sir —.' She stumbles over the words, and with ritualistic pedantry he makes her say it properly, warning her against further errors with a spank that is really the first of the spanking proper that this young lady is about get — and for which she is going to be grateful, since it could very easily have been the cane instead.

'Sir — I've b-been a naughty girl, sir — please sir — please punish me sir —. More smacks, and very soon she is wriggling across her perch, her bottom tempting the spansks to fall all the faster by virtue of its quick and very feminine undulation as she automatically picks up the cadence of the spanking rhythm. Her cheeks twitch together and her pinkening bum-cheeks bounce resolutely up for more after every stinging

spank. Tears start from under her eyelids. She begins to pant more rapidly, trying hard not to cry because of some streak of determination inside her, yet knowing full well that crying is what she is supposed to do; crying and wriggling — well, she can do that alright, in fact she can't help it — and perhaps a bit of pleading too.

'Ooo — s-sir! Please sir — please don't!'

'Quiet girl!' He spansks her harder for her cheek, making the injunction to be quiet a nonsense, because now the girl can't help herself. She begins to sob, spluttering into a flood of tears. The reddening spank marks are flooding her bobbing bottom with a fresh crimson glow, with finger-marks highlighting the soft round cheeks here and there. Somehow she manages to retain the required position, offering her reluctant bottom up again after every smack although her thighs are beginning to scissor against each other and the hand she can spare from maintaining her balance keeps on wandering back towards her bum as if hoping to intercept some, at least, of the painful applications of the Headmaster's palm.

Through her tears, through the smart in her bottom, through the buzz of panicky thoughts in her mind, Sandra manages to cling on to sufficient self-control to remember to let her legs drift apart now and then, to lift her bum up and to slip forward across his knees when her wriggles take her there, so that modesty is no longer maintained and the dog is allowed to catch a glimpse of the rabbit.

But the Headmaster is an experienced hand, and he knows that Sandra is hoping to distract his attention from the prime object of the exercise. He refuses to be drawn, and continues to spank her snatching, jiggling bottom until he hears her sobbing become less controlled; until he can feel the quick little jerks and squirmings of her body that betray the struggle she is having to keep a tenuous hold on her self-control. He resists the temptation to spank her

beyond her limit — he spansks instead with just the right degree of flick in his wrist, the necessary measure of tension in his arm, so that she is pushed to the brink and then kept hovering there without slipping over the edge. Her wriggles are becoming wilder now, yet not quite so wild that her bum is too lively to aim at and to catch in exactly the right place every time. Her knees are beginning to bend with each spank as his palm works its way back over some particularly tender-looking areas.

And then, when he is quite ready, he adds a little more impetus to his spanking, a touch more vigour to each evenly timed smack, and she responds at once with the sudden onset of a series of squeals punctuated with heart-felt sobs as the last few spansks land squarely across the very sorest parts of her animated bum.

When he desists at last, the girl's bum-cheeks still wriggle wretchedly across his lap until he tells her briskly to get to her feet. She stands up, knickers dangling at her knees, weeping miserably and crying all the more at the humiliation of being made to cry in the first place.

The book on the desk is written in once more — Sandra's spanking becomes a statistic to be gloated over by whichever of the school's governors will be called upon to initial the entry at the end of the week — and then, when he feels he can rise from behind his desk without the awkwardness in the drape of his trousers giving him away, the Headmaster gives her permission to pull her knickers up and ushers her to the door. Sandra sidles warily out of the study whilst the Headmaster glances optimistically up and down the corridor in case there should be a pale-faced girl bearing one of the tell-tale punishment notes in her hand. Alas, the cupboard is bare for the present.

Sandra hurries away, dabbing a hankie at her eyes, and feeling distinctly Micawber-ish the Headmaster decides to take a stroll along to the gym in the hope that something will turn up.



# APPROVED SCHOOL REPORT



The following letter, addressed to the department of the Home Office responsible for Approved and Industrial Schools, formed part of a report submitted by the then Chief Inspector of Approved Schools in Warwickshire, which as an insight into the conditions obtaining in such establishments is illuminating; as an exposition of the kind of double-think with which the administrators of approved schools – or one of them at least – approached the matter of corporal punishment, it is, to say the least, revealing. For anyone interested in verifying the authenticity of the document, it may be found under the reference: HO 45/14545 at the Public Record Office.

## Kenilworth Training School

### Model Rules

Chief Inspector of Reformatories  
(C.P. in girls under 16)

### Minutes

In May last there was a serious revolt on the part of the girls at this Reformatory – Dr. Norris went there and found the girls entirely out of control, and as the situation looked ugly, he – ordered an obstreperous girl of 15 to be whipped on the posterior (under the skirt).

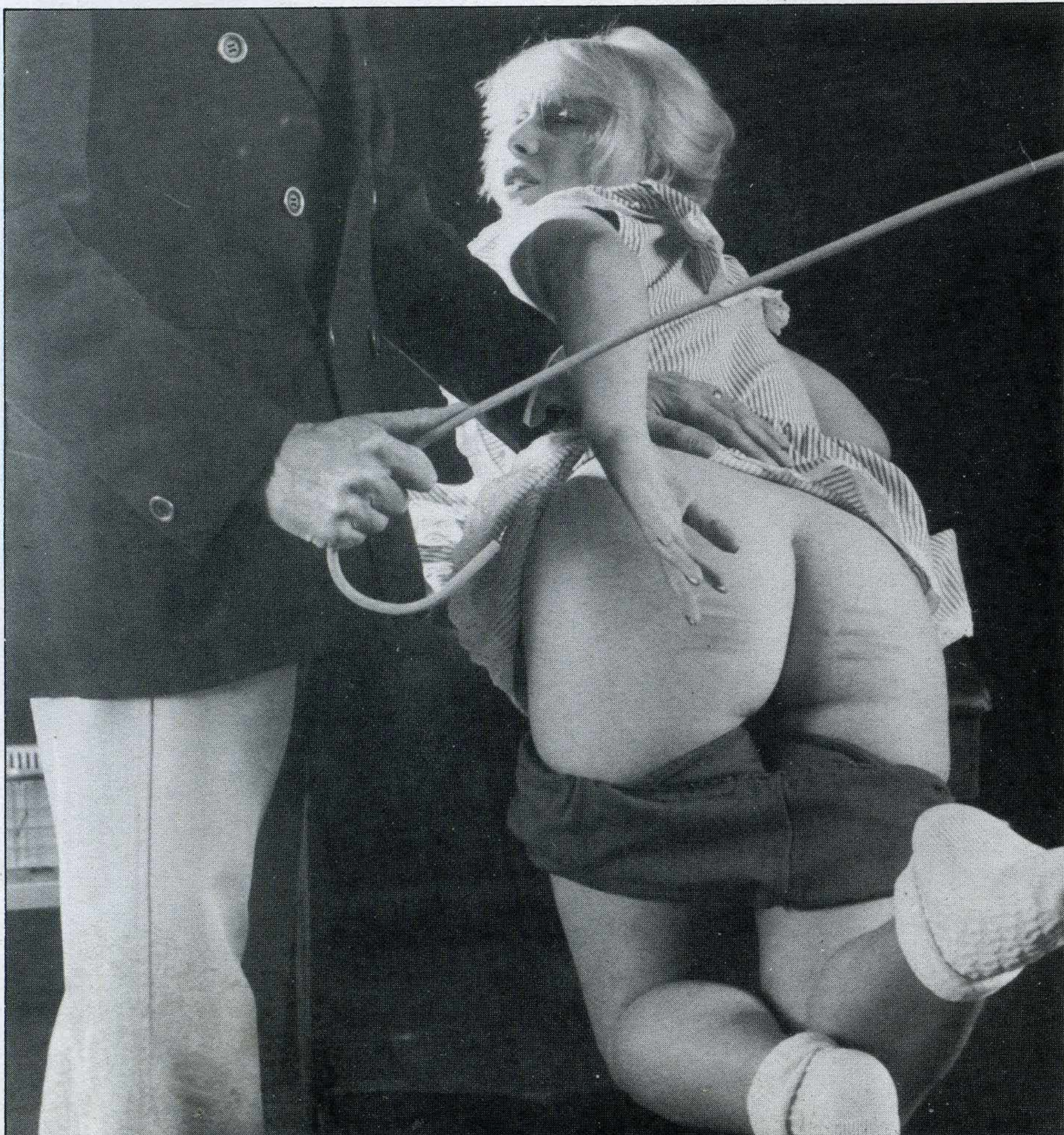
That action had good effect, and things have since quietened down.

Corporal punishment in the past was not forbidden by the rules in force at the school, though the Managers strangely enough did not appear to know that it was in the power of the Superintendent to inflict it. I think Dr. Norris was perfectly right to adopt the course he decided to take.

(Other correspondence in the file reveals that "there were a number







of other whippings on the day in question.)

The question now arises whether C.P. on the posterior is to be allowed in this school in the future. In the Model Rules it was decided that the only C.P. in schools should be on the hands – not exceeding three strokes on each hand with a light cane or tawse.


Dr. Norris agreed to this rule at the time, though he says he always felt doubtful whether it would be possible to maintain it in dealing with certain classes of girls. The managers are unanimous in asking permission to keep their existing rule, which leaves the Superintendent the discretion as to the infliction of light and moderate C.P. (whether on the hands or on the posterior).

The two lady inspectors (Dr. Whitlock and Miss Wallis) hold that all C.P. of girls on the posterior is objectionable and ought to be unnecessary – and I believe this is the view which would be commonly held, except possibly by some of those who have had the actual management of unruly girls.

There is no doubt that the task of controlling difficult girls such as one finds in our reformatory schools – especially when they become hysterical – is a very difficult one and baffles even the wisest of women. It is possible that women of exceptional type might be able to tackle the problem without resorting to C.P. at all, but women with such qualities are rare and are not often found in our schools. We must do the best we can with the staff we are able to command, and give them such support as they need. The Departmental Committee gave special attention to this question, and came to the conclusion that the discretion to inflict C.P. must be given to the Superintendent, though they are silent whether it should be inflicted on the hands or the posterior. I presume that they intended to leave it to the Superintendent's discretion also as to method. It must also be remembered that girls over sixteen can be sent to Borstal, and that it is in the case of the younger girls that the difficulty arises.

If this policy is accepted (the appeal of the Managers for retention of the old rule), having regard to recent happenings, I think it would be unwise to refuse the application of the Managers, and if it is made clear that no C.P. on the posterior may be inflicted without the sanction of the Chief Inspector, frequent or improper recourse to this method will be prevented.





It seems to me better to alter the rule rather than, when serious trouble occurs, to contemplate the possibility of the staff or the Inspector authorising punishment contrary to the rule.

I should prefer, however to keep the framework of the new rule rather than to adopt the present rule and I would suggest the following draft. This has the advantage of not mentioning specifically whipping on the posterior, which might give rise to adverse comment by those who are not familiar with the circumstances and leaves the chief Inspector the responsibility of prescribing the conditions under which it may be administered.

#### Rule 21

(3) C.P. should be used only as the last resort when all other methods of maintaining discipline have failed and its administration shall be subject to the following conditions.

C.P. shall be only of light and moderate character and shall be inflicted on the hands with a light cane or tawse as prescribed by the Secretary of State – not exceeding three strokes on each hand. If in cases of grave breaches of discipline the managers think it necessary to adopt any other form of punishment the previous sanction of two chief inspectors must be obtained.

S.W.H. 24.7.23

(Various signatures are appended.)

*He could choose, if he wished, to have a girl 'whipped' – or he could do it himself, of course.*





Well, put *that* in your pipe and smoke it! The background to the events described above will no doubt be interesting, and may add to the reader's delectation as he conjours up a vision of the way things were, when a girl consigned to such an institution was considered eligible for 'Whippings' – and on the 'posterior' too – and not much fear of recriminations after the event, if the attitude of the Inspectorate is anything to go by.

The school at Kenilworth was known as the 'Warwickshire Girls' Reformory School'. It's inmates numbered between fifty and sixty, all of them in the charge of a Principal and various mistresses and 'mistresses in training'. That the Inspector thought little of the quality of these ladies may simply have been the result of his 'male chauvinism' in the days when there was no such thing as a 'liberated' woman – certainly he had

*Bottom-high, obliged to stay in position by the sheer force of authority.*



superiors with accounts of other punishments meted out at the same time – if the one caning thus mentioned is then deemed to have been a reasonable response to the unusual situation in the school, then plainly no exception could be taken to other canings administered for the same reasons. Clearly the Chief Inspector is no fool!

Reading between the lines, therefore, and picking up hints from other documents having a bearing on the incident, what we have is a report from the worthy Chief Inspector putting a respectable face on the wholesale bare-bottomed caning of an unspecified number of teenage girls, the whole affair prompted and overseen by Dr. Norris, in the performance of his enviable duty.

The girls who were to be caned would presumably have been locked into a suitable room – if they were 'rioting' they would have needed to be kept under control – and on the 'divide and conquer' principle would have been dealt with one by one. A picture can be imagined of the school's Principal, accompanied by her mistresses, mounting 'snatch-squad' raids into the locked room whilst the door is guarded by other mistresses, emerging with their first choice of 'victim' – the women had been threatened with physical violence by some of their charges, so they would have been in an unsympathetic frame of mind, – and then marching a probably protesting, struggling girl to the separate room where the canings were to take place in the presence of the inspector.

If the girls's bottom was to be the chosen location for the application of the cane, she would surely have been bent bottom-up over some suitable piece of furniture. Her dress would have to have been hoisted up while the Doctor, no doubt maintaining a severe and professional countenance, looked down upon a pair of knickers covering the wriggling, protesting buttocks that he had ordered to be thrashed.

The girl's pants would have been yanked down in a trice, galvanising her into more violent protestations, and then the cane would have been produced.







The girls slept in dormitories, a dozen or so to a room. They were provided with a uniform; two dresses, two sets of underclothing, stockings, shoes; and according to their behaviour at the school were allowed to wear belts of varying colours, aspiration to which was controlled by a system of 'Merit Marks'. A silver belt meant a girl was a proper 'Goody Two Shoes'; blue or red belts were for those whose conduct had been less exemplary. Marks earned could be taken away for, 'Disobedience, insolence, stealing, lying, bad language, quarrelling, bad work, bad habits' – whatever *they* were – 'bad conduct generally and careless breaking of crockery'.

An architect's report, included in the file, describes certain areas of the building as 'lacking sufficient natural light' – it was a gloomy place in other words – and it isn't difficult to imagine the scene into which the visiting inspector walked – a late Victorian building, dimly lit, forbidding – and raucous with the voices of teenaged girls running riot!

Dr. Norris, who seems to have been a man to stand no nonsense 'ordered an obstreperous girl of fifteen to be whipped on the posterior'. This girl (according to other letters in the file, initiated by the same incident) was a 'well built girl' who seemed to be one of the ringleaders. She was to be whipped 'under the skirt'. Under? Well, without the benefit of its protection, presumably, so that it must have been turned up to afford access to the girl's 'posterior'. Other documents state that there were 'a number of other whippings'. There is no reason to suppose that these other punishments were any less severe or traumatic for the girls involved than was the whipping of the 'obstreperous' ringleader, nor indeed that they were not carried out at the same time and in precisely the same way. We may suppose the writer of the letter – the Chief Inspector – to be citing one particular punishment as something of a test case. From the tone of his letter it is plain that the good doctor's action met with his approval, so he would not have thought it necessary to overburden the consciences of his





*A tearful girl, close to panic!*





no hesitation in recommending that the girls there should be kept in their places, and with the utmost firmness.

The building was made up of a central block, with two wings appended on either side, within which the girls and staff were accommodated, the whole surrounded by a high enclosing fence, with access and egress controlled by the porter, who resided in the Porter's Lodge at the gate.

There is no record of what number of strokes were given, but since three strokes on each hand, making six in all, was the prescribed 'dose', in the interests of efficacy, the Doctor would probably have ordered the maximum number to be administered to the bottom presenting itself unwillingly before him. (If he was quelling a riot, he certainly wouldn't have wanted to seem less than determined.)

Six strokes it is then, applied by the Principal. Embarrassment caused by the girls' behaviour, which must have diminished her self-importance as well as her standing with her employers, would have prompted the Principal to have laid the cane across those eminently deserving buttocks with all the strength that a vengeful woman could muster. How the girl must have howled and pleaded, how she must have jerked and swerved her hips as the cane bit viciously into her 'well built' bum! How the inspector must have watched the wretched miscreant's squirmings with all the satisfaction of knowing that he was quite within his rights to have the girl caned, this girl and all the others yet to be brought in, and how he must have enjoyed the whole enervating experience. One after another the girl's would have lain on their bellies across the bench and

*If he were actually to take her knickers off – but better not; wouldn't look too good in the report.*



wriggled and blubbered – six strokes each, and what with comings and goings, fetching and sending away, the inspector might have stood for a whole hour while the procession of young bottoms was caned under his auspices, and under his very nose!

So much then, for the incident itself, but what are we to make of the Chief Inspector's enthusiasm, in his report, for the exercise of authority that had consequences so painful for the girls? His readiness to support Doctor Norris might, it is true, have been prompted to some extent by loyalty for his staff – 'In his position, I should have acted in exactly the same way, and felt that I had done no more than discharge my duty in doing so!' With regard to the opinions of the two women inspectors, Dr. Whitlock and Miss Wallis, he is scathing in his suggestion that people who haven't actually had to deal with 'unruly girls' – he is clearly addressing himself to the two ladies – oughtn't to express their opinions on matters they don't know anything about. So far as the staff of the school are concerned, he has no regard whatsoever for their ability to manage girls; indeed his opinion of women in general seems to be a very low one.

A clue to his 'enthusiasm' is to be found in his suggestion – a suggestion that was, in fact, adopted subsequently – that the Chief Inspector – he himself, in other words – should be left to decide whether or not girls should be caned on their 'posteriors' in future. Given that he would want to be seen as being at least as concerned for the smooth running of the schools in his charge as the good Doctor, it seems likely that he would want to take the opportunity, should it present itself, of seeing at first hand the effect which a well-applied cane would have on the bared buttocks of an unruly girl, particularly since the authority to get her knickers down would have come from him, and him alone.

The Chief Inspector's wily assessment of the likely reaction of the public, were it to become common knowledge that girls were being caned on their bottoms, is interesting, not least because it demonstrates his







awareness of the sexual implications of such punishment methods. After all, on what other grounds would the public be expected to object, if not on those of morality? Equally interesting is the complete omission, in his report, of any explanation as to why caning on the buttocks should have been considered in any way a more severe punishment than caning on the hands. Certainly it is seen to be so, both by him and Dr. Norris, yet a cane can be applied with as much force to a hand as to a girl's bottom. Could it be that in the minds of the two inspectors, and implicitly in the minds of their superiors, the caning of girls on their bottoms rather than their hands is indeed a more severe punishment precisely *because* of the sexual implications? What other explanation could there be? No medical or physiological reasons are advanced, such as the greater resilience of female buttocks to canings as against the capacity of a girl's hand to withstand punishment, yet the noting that whipping a girl on her bottom is a greater punishment is clearly in the Chief Inspector's mind, despite the objections of two lady inspectors and the expected opposition of the public to such methods of punishment!

Seen in this light, it would seem that only two explanations of the Chief Inspector's enthusiasm for bottom caning are logically possible, and bearing in mind the subsequent endorsement of that gentleman's views by his superiors, one or both of these explana-

tions must hold true also for those who later proved to be in agreement with him, though whether they themselves would have realised the implications so far as their own motives were concerned is doubtful.

The first explanation, being in mind that the people concerned would not for one moment have thought of it in such clear cut terms, is that caning on the bottom was seen as a more severe punishment because it required a girl to submit sexually – sexually because of the part of her anatomy involved, and it's necessary nakedness – to punishment, the additional severity being in *the girl's own intuitive realisation that she is being forced to be sexually submissive*, particularly in the presence of a man. If so, and taking that logic a stage further, a yet more severe punishment would be administered if the girl were made to strip stark naked, irrespective of how hard the cane were applied. Can it be that it was the intention of the Chief Inspector and his superiors to punish girls by forcing them to be sexually submissive? Presumably not, at least on a conscious level. Yet that it must have played some part on an *unconscious* level seems inescapable when the only other logical alternative is put.

That, whether consciously or not, the Inspectors and their superiors *themselves* saw bare-bottom caning as being more severe than hand caning because of their *own* appreciation of its sexual connotations. That, in other words, the Inspectorate thought

of it as more severe simply because the idea of taking a girl's knickers down and whipping her naked buttocks was sexually arousing to *them*.

Remembering that the people involved in making the decision – and apparently including the two women, who, I would suggest, intuitively recognised the sexuality implicit in bottom caning of girls and therefore saw it as being either *too* severe a punishment or simply an indulgence of the sexual tastes of the men, who were in favour – *all* regarded caning on the bottom as the more severe punishment. In the absence of any physiological excuse for bottom caning – and none was presented – one, or both, of the foregoing reasons must be the decisive factor. If anyone can offer a logical opposition to that argument I should like to hear from him – meanwhile we are left with the conclusion that Dr. Norris, the Chief Inspector, *and* their superiors were all in favour of caning their girls' bottoms chiefly because it was an exciting idea, so long as they could get away with it! And as for the Chief Inspector, he, it would seem, provided himself with ample opportunity to consider the question of his own motivations in the field, as he first sentenced girls to caning, then, presumably, witnessed their tearful, squirmy-bottomed receipt of the same, and all with the blessings of the Home Office, Parliament, and the unknowing populace of the country.



# THE WORLD HAS A BAD DAY

A suburban street, houses set back from the road and half hidden behind tall hedges. A light in a downstairs room, the sound of a television communicating the world's woes to the room's occupants. Man's third offence, defence debate storm, fence arrested. Man falls off fence, fencer in car crash, as well as can be expected.

The girl's plump, full bottom wobbles faintly as she eases her knickers down off her hips. Knees close together, her posture one of childlike unhappiness. He chooses not to notice – she always puts on her little act when it's smacked bottom time – but he listens to the 'shush' of pants slipping down from smooth thighs, as he listened to the reproachful 'clump' of her shoes when she kicked them off and to the soft 'plop' as her skirt landed on the carpet at her feet. She hovers at his elbow, within reach, just, but holding back, reluctant to come closer yet too timid to edge away. In perfect balance, a tribute to his handling of her.

*The soft 'shoosh' of knickers slipping down smooth thighs*





*Utter vulnerability; knowing what was to come and helpless to do a single thing about it!*



'C'mon.' He casts a sideways glance at her semi-nakedness, patting his knee. Her breathing sounds too fast, her response to the summons is too slow, but she comes reluctantly, knees pressing against his leg, then the weight of her body settles awkwardly across his lap. Her bottom swells warmly under his hand.

The remote control button switches off the sound of the newscaster's voice; the girl watches the dwindling spot of light on the screen as she might have watched daylight fading into the distance as she fell into a bottomless pit. Fingers stroke the back of a thigh, loiter thoughtfully on the satiny skin, nudge her forward a bit across his knees, her response automatic, obedient, almost resigned.

The cup of his hand folds around the curve of her buttock with the familiar intimacy with which old friends might shake hands; in a way his hand and her bottom *are* old friends.

The half-remembered yet part-forgotten sting of the first few spanks never fails to take her by surprise, never fails to make her gasp a breath and push with her toes so that the soft press of her hips across his lap urges forward, the well-remembered lump under her tummy a reminder of her half-formed conviction that these spankings, now that she's almost grown up, are less for the sake of her moral well-being than for the sake of *his* immoral gratification. The knowledge does nothing to lessen the smart in her bottom; it bounces up for the next hefty spank only because it can do nothing else, and the smack lands with practised accuracy and timing on the very crown of one bum-cheek. She pants a pointless protest and bends her knees as the sting seeps into her bum.

He spanks her with deliberate slowness, timing the descent of his hand to coincide with the faint hint of relaxation that eases through her bottom as the bite of the preceeding slap looses its edge, so that for the girl the methodical series of spank after spank, each meticulously spaced in time, each reinforcing but not overwhelming its predecessor, blends into steadily intensifying tenderness that – as she well knows – will eventually push her beyond the limit of her self control. With







the spansks seeming harder each time, with her grasp of the true proportions of things beginning to slip and her awareness of sensation becoming progressively limited to an overwhelming preoccupation with the pain in her bottom, the girl begins to flinch from imagined spansks, to jerk across his knees with an urgency that she hasn't previously demonstrated, and to blubber incomprehensible words in between 'Ooh's' and 'Oow's' and sounds that seem to be 'Nnnnghs' or might be 'Mmmmmnnghs'.

Having established an ascendancy over this wriggling, half-panicking girl, the man's relentless approach to the business of spanking her modifies somewhat. Gradually the intervals between slaps lengthens, the severity of each spank is adjusted to just the pitch necessary to promote a sudden onset of squirming as it lands without prompting an extreme reaction that might interfere with the precarious balance between painful stimulus and the girl's inbuilt reluctance, intuitive more than reasoned, not to accelerate her struggling to the point where she would become unmanageable. Teetering on this knife-edge, she slips into an almost ritualistic sequence of jerk, wriggle, gasp, pant, and jerk again as the next spank arrives.





*A sound spanking; but isn't that  
what girls' bottoms are for?*





He keeps her at it for minutes on end, until the horizons of her whole world narrow to a perception only of the pain in her bottom, and her awareness of time telescopes to encompass no more than the intervals between the arrival of one spank and the next. His calm voice, coaxing and almost understanding in its tone, chides her as though she were still a child. She hears herself sobbing that she will, she *will* try to be a good girl in future. The promise is accepted; at last she is allowed to slip off his knees and stand there, half-naked weeping and trembling and touching ruefully at her bottom while he lectures her on what he quaintly calls 'naughtiness' and she, feeling no more grown up now than she did three, four, even five years ago, nods and whispers 'yesses' and stoops to pick up her clothes and runs upstairs for her bath, because its time she was in bed.

The man leans forward and switches on the television to hear the end of the news. The world, it would seem, has had another of its bad days. He has had another of his good ones.





# MUSICAL INTERLUDE

An onlooker, if he remained unmoved by the drama of the scene being played out in the sitting room of Mr Dupont's little house; if he were insensitive to the plight of the girl struggling to maintain sufficient composure at the piano to soldier on with her practise piece, might have closed his eyes and settled back in one of the chintz armchairs and listened to the music and its accompaniment.

The piano, played hesitantly and inexpertly, lent a background to the overlaid effects of percussion and solo soprano voice. Soft 'swits' and 'plupps' kept time rather better than the slim fingers on the keys, with now and then a sharper 'swatt' which seemed always to interrupt and detract from the girls dutiful efforts.

The softer noises were the result of a short, springy cane being tapped rhythmically against the velvet upholstery of the piano stool. Mr Dupont maintained the cadence by beating time in this way, livening up the doleful tinkling of the girl's efforts every few bars by swishing his 'baton' up and under the plump protuberance of his pupil's bottom jutting over the near edge of the stool, proffered obediently though unwillingly by the pianist. The 'solo voice', high-pitched though invariably out of tune with the piano, relived the rather dragging quality of the playing, though it seemed to interrupt the player's concentration more than a little.

The onlooker on this occasion was not, it must be said, unmoved by the performance being staged primarily for his benefit. A weighty gentleman, sixty if he was a day, opened his eyes as the frantic, frightened squeal of the girl at the piano followed instantly upon the delivery of one of those sharper, painful-sounding 'swhatts!' Slumped comfortably in his chair, he watched fascinated as the girl's much-punished buttocks squeezed themselves together at the first sting then squirmed dismally against the velvet of the stool. With her summer dress pinned up to her shoulders the hollow of her

back was bare, and the close hug of the waistband of her knickers puckered along the line of the elastic and eased out where the outward swell of her hips filled the white cotton pants. Several rucks and creases dived down between the division of her plump young buttocks, resulting from the tight tuck of the pants up into the crease where the teacher, wielding the cane, had yanked them at the beginning of the practise, maintaining the bareness of most of the target area by frequent readjustment of the immodestly arranged knickers.

The girl lifted involuntarily from her seat as another swift 'swish' brought the cane up under the reddened, wealed cheeks, slumping forward over the keyboard as she snatched her hands behind her to clutch at her trembling bottom. Her gasping, panting breaths suddenly shortened, pent up for a moment, then broke out in a series of quiet sobs. The piano remained silent as the girl wept, the cane no longer tapping on the stool but hovering behind, wavering as though tempted to deliver another solid stroke yet holding back as if to see how far the girl's obedience would over-ride her natural reluctance to leave her bottom unprotected by her hands.

Slowly she regained her self-control, and her fingers returned to the keyboard. The cane resumed its tapping though now it patted the hot and tender skin of the girl's bum cheeks rather than the stool, several notes sounded before the cane flicked waspishly across the shivering cheeks again. The playing stopped and the weeping recommenced, louder this time and less under control. The girl half stood up from the stool,

her knees bent and the soft backs of her thighs showing below her bothered bum.

'Whack!' The cane slipped in just above the height of the stool and landed squarely across both legs. The girl yelped and straightened up, the stool crashed to the floor behind. She stood stooped forward, hands rubbing at the freshening cane marks behind her thighs, while her sobs gathered volume and she turned her head to gaze with pleading red-rimmed eyes at the man who sat so unflinchingly and watched her mounting distress.

At last he seemed satisfied, and he nodded to the man with the cane as a sign that they need go on with the girl's humiliation no longer.

"Frankly, Mr Dupont, I don't think she has improved. Do you?"

"No, not much. It's a question of application, you see: I don't believe she really does her best."

"No, I think I agree with you. What shall we do with her? Carry on with the lessons?"

"Yes. In due course I dare say we shall secure some improvement."

"Very well then. Same time next Tuesday?"

"Yes, will you be coming with her?"

"Oh, yes. I like to see where my money's going."

The girl's dress was unpinned for her and she stood easing her knickers back to their proper place around her buttocks, her sobs dying away to be replaced by sniffing. The man and his daughter departed, the cane being laid on the piano keyboard and the lid lowered, ready for Mr Dupont's next lesson. It was an ordinary Tuesday afternoon.

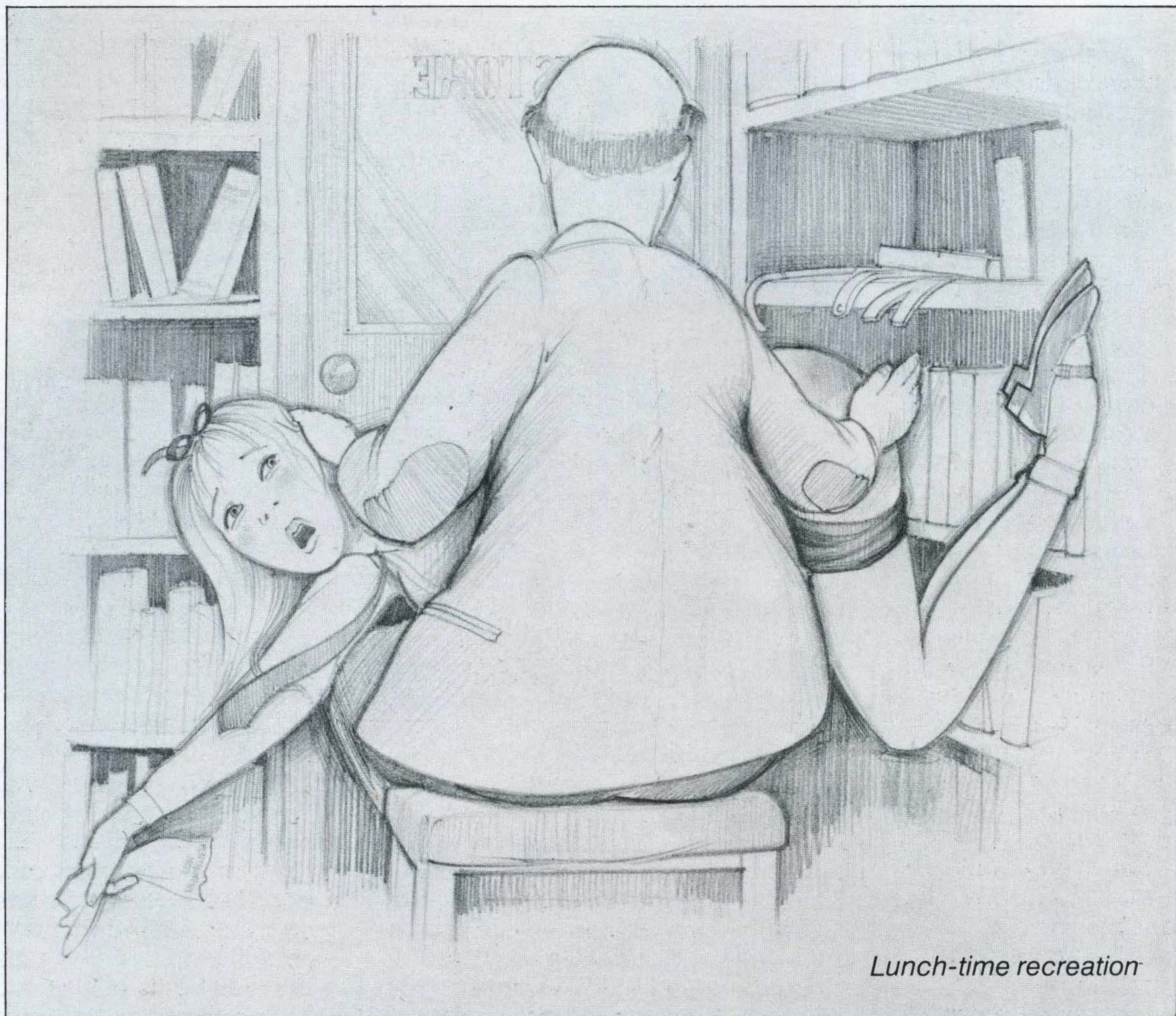






*The warm knap of the velvet-covered piano stool does little to comfort one more well-caned and distinctly wriggly young bottom.*





*Lunch-time recreation*

# THE BOOKSTORE

Mr. Howell's History bookstore was a long 'L' shaped closet of a room, tucked away at the end of a corridor on the top floor of the main school building. It had originally housed books of all kinds, from geometry to handicrafts, but in the course of time Mr Howell's absent-minded habit of double and even triple-ordering new books, coupled with his obsessive refusal to discard even the most dilapidated copy of those which were no longer used, had driven other members of staff to find new accommodation for their own stocks and the little upstairs room had become a repository only for books dealing with Mr Howell's passion, history.

Next to the bookstore, there was a small cubby-hole of a room which had accumulated a clutter of disused and worn-out games equipment. So filled with junk was this room that simply

opening the door required a hefty and determined shove. The games mistress had long since been denying any responsibility for its contents, claiming that what was in there could no longer be described properly as sports equipment, while the caretaker refused to call it rubbish and dispose of it until it had been itemised, checked and officially stricken off charge. Neither of these two protagonists having the least intention of backing down, the room and its unwanted hoard were at first ignored and eventually forgotten.

Next to the junk room was a narrow stairway with stone steps which led down to a door on the ground floor. The stairway was an exit used only when there was one of the periodic fire drills; at all other times, in defiance of regulations, the door at the bottom was kept locked to

prevent girls from sneaking into the building and hiding on the stairs when they should have been on health-promoting cross-country runs or picking up litter on the sportsfield as a punishment. Since the gym mistress, the one female member of staff, was the only teacher unimaginative enough to regard litter collecting as a suitable punishment for growing, spankable girls, rather than sending them for more tangible lessons of good-behaviour, and since she was the organiser of cross-country runs, she was the person responsible for the locking of the door, although if ever an occasion arose for the apportioning of blame in respect of disregarded fire regulations, she would no doubt have denied everything and let the caretaker carry the can.

Access to the end of the upper corridor, and to the fire



exit, was through a pair of half-glazed swing doors, which divided the cul-de-sac at the end of the building from the classrooms and the main thoroughfares. The only member of staff who would normally have reason to pass through these doors was the doddering Mr Howell on his way to his book-store, and such was the reputation of that little room that none of the girls would have dreamt of venturing anywhere near that end of the corridor of her own free will.

Early that afternoon, with the clock at the top of the main staircase standing at half-past one, Mr Howell's sparsely covered pate appeared by stages from the stairwell as he ascended haltingly to the level of the upper corridor. He ambled past several classrooms and pushed open one of those doors which sealed off his private cul-de-sac.

His face betrayed a hint of disappointment as he saw that the little enclave was unoccupied. He had expected to find the girl with fair hair waiting outside the storeroom, but no, apparently not. Perhaps she was *in* the storeroom. He turned the handle and went in, to find it as empty as the corridor outside. He fished a pocket watch from his jacket and peered at it through his bifocals. One thirty two — if she was coming she'd surely be here by now. He looked around the room as if for evidence that the girl had already turned up and perhaps gone again, though of course he expected to find none. Pulling a chair towards a large cast-iron radiator — the room was stiflingly warm — he sat down and lit a cigarette. By sliding a dusty pile of books along a red-tiled window sill he could look out over the sportsfield and watch the gym mistress chivvying her lunch-time volunteers up and down the hockey pitch — no doubt the school team doing extra practice. Waving a wisp of smoke away from his eyes he reflected that that was the thing about getting on in years; one's life tended to be made up alternately of disappointments and disconcerting surprises. He



*Bleating that she doesn't want any more, sir — please!*

remembered clearly telling the girl to report to this room — the trouble was that he had, as always, immediately forgotten quite *when* he'd told her to come. Since she wasn't here now, he supposed he must have told her to come after school. Oh well, after school it would have to be.

Cigarette ash dropped unnoticed onto Mr Howell's trousers as he pondered the situation. Of late — well, perhaps it had been eighteen months or so — he had taken to climbing those stairs every lunchtime and at the end of lessons each day just to be sure he didn't miss anyone he might have told to report to the book-store. As often as not the effort was wasted — on the other hand, he would frequently come upon some pale-faced girl waiting on tenter-hooks for whatever she was in for once the door of the bookstore was closed behind her and the key had been turned in the lock as a precaution against interruption.

Sitting looking out of the window at the figures running around on the grass, the Headmaster's deputy went gently off to sleep. His cigarette, thankfully, simply went out and he dozed in the warm room.

Sometime later he was startled into wakefulness by the

sound of the door opening, and he looked sideways to see a pair of shoes and two white socks.

"Eh? What is it?" He woke up enough to straighten up in his chair and gaze uncomprehendingly at his visitor.

"Um — sir — Mr Flood sent me, sir."

"Sent you? What for?"

"He gave me a note sir."

Mr Howell reached out for the slip of paper. A punishment note, if he wasn't mistaken. He felt in his pocket for his spectacles, forgetting that he had them on. Naturally, he didn't find them in the pocket. Oh well, it didn't much matter.

"Well, better come over here. Come on now — next to me."

The girl came forward reluctantly, short skirt swinging halfway up her thighs, hips rounded out and waist pulled in by the skirt's snug waistband.

"Now then —"

He peered at the note through his glasses. In truth he could hardly make out the writing, but across the top of the paper he recognised the printed words; 'Request for Punishment'.

"Ah yes — well now —" His hand slipped up under the girl's skirt, brushing against her thighs up to her knickers. Her bottom swerved away and she



spluttered some kind of protest.

"Now, now —" He slapped her hard across one leg. "Come along — across my knee, Miss, and none of your antics!"

"But sir — please sir —"

He slipped his fingers inside the top of her pants and with a tug had them halfway down. With a practised nudge, he caused her to lose her balance and topple across his knees, feet bobbing up from the floor and hands reaching out to save her from falling right over the other side of his lap.

"Sir — please sir . . ."

"Silence! Want the stick, do you? Eh? Want the stick across your bottom?"

"No sir — no, please —"

He spanked her half-bared bum solidly, the slap making both chubby cheeks tremble under his hand. The girl yelled noisily.

"Not another word, do you hear?"

"Ooh — but — but —"

He had her knickers down in a moment, though she struggled as she felt them whisper to her knees. Another spank, with a final warning that there was to be no more of her wittering or she'd *really* be in trouble, and Mr. Howell turned her skirt up across her back and smoothed his palm across the pert pushiness of her bottom. The girl lay nervously across his lap and twisted her head back to look up at him. She tried one last time.

"Sir — please — Mr Flood sent me —"

A solid, expert spank cracked down on the crown of one buttock and a second slap stung the other cheek. Gasping with the smart in her bum, the girl's protests finally subsided and she lay, tense and jittery, while the impudent upthrust of her bottom-cheeks was cupped, moulded, and stroked appreciatively by Mr Howell.

From the doddering teacher's point of view, it mattered not at all that he had been unable to read the note the girl had brought, and that he therefore had not the faintest notion what degree of punishment would be appropriate. Over the years he had developed a simple philosophy with regard to the chastisement of erring schoolgirls; the really naughty

ones tended to be no less disruptive whether they were punished severely or not — you could always expect to see them back again for a repeat doese in the course of time. The less naughty ones — that is, less-often-naughty ones — who would benefit from a punishment of whatever severity, would presumably be deterred the more effectively the more severely they were punished, while the ones who

bottom was an undulating wobble of frantic squirmings and involuntary jerks, and the sobs wrenching from her lips told him that her earlier bravado had now quite evaporated. Having achieved this minor objective, Mr Howell continued to spank her anyway for the therapeutic value it afforded him, until he could contain her struggles no longer and she slid to the floor a blubbing wreck.



never got into trouble were never punished anyway, so they didn't count. Stated simply, then, Mr Howell's punishments took no account of the crime the girl had perpetrated — a damned good hiding suited all cases.

This point established, therefore, it stood to reason that the only decision to be made was the method of punishment, and if appropriateness was not a factor to be considered, then the only thing left was the rendering unto the punisher of the maximum satisfaction from the opportunity provided.

With the foregoing principles in mind, Mr Howell spanked the girl across his lap — the decision to spank her rather than employ another method had to do with the fact that he couldn't rouse himself sufficiently on the spur of the moment to get to his feet — until her wretched, helpless

Too breathless by then to speak, Mr Howell simply waved her to her feet and out of the door, through which she exited backwards, her face a grimace of fearfulness.

Mr Howell took a pill and remained in his chair until the trembling had subsided, then he heaved himself to his feet and walked slowly to the door. He quite forgot to lock it or even to close it as he left, and he went haltingly down the corridor as the bell rang for the end of the lunch break, wondering idly whether it was going to be the exertion of spanking young, healthy girls or those damned stairs which would kill him.

Back in the bookstore, Mr Flood's note lay unread on the floor "Dear Albert, knowing your knack for forgetting to remember, may I remind you of the detention duty you said you'd do for me this evening? Thanks, in anticipation."



As it turned out, the sacrifice demanded of the unfortunate girl whom Mr Flood had sent to Mr Howell's room at lunchtime — she was, after all, only a messenger — was quite unnecessary, because both Mr Flood and Mr Howell bumped into each other on the main staircase at the end of the day's lessons.

Mr Howell was probably on his way to his storeroom in the hopes of finding someone or other who had come to have her pants taken down, although had he been asked he would probably not have been able to remember, being somewhat puffed by his ascent of the stairs. Mr. Flood's polite reminder halted the aged history teacher two stairs from the top of the flight.

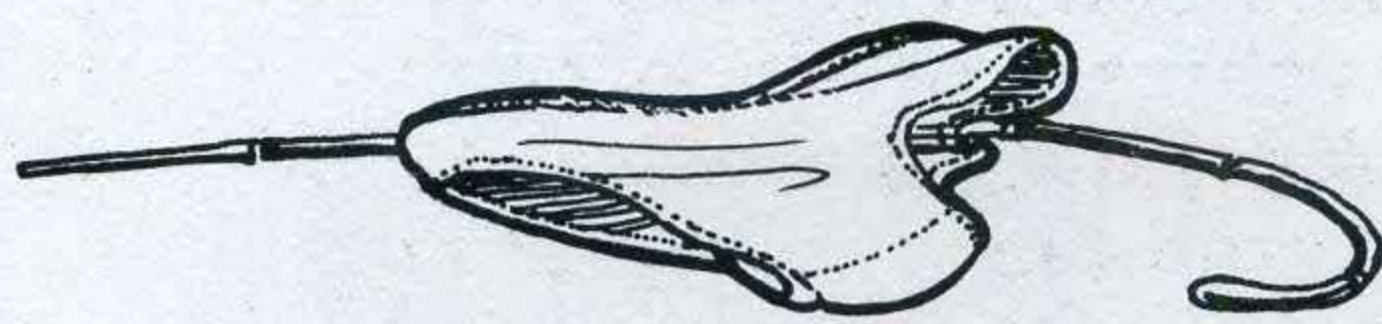
"No, no, old boy — of course I hadn't forgotten. On my way there now."

Mr Flood skipped lightly down the stairs and Mr Howell held onto the handrail and swore, in Latin, the one oath he could remember from the time when, long ago, he had taught that dead and useless language. It was going to be these stairs that got him, after all. Wearily he started back down, the detention room being on the lower floor, failing to notice as he descended the worried glance of a flaxen-haired girl who stood aside to let him pass with as wide a berth as possible before scampering upstairs to the bookstore at the end of the corridor.

On his way to the detention room, Mr Howell's spirits revived — as Deputy Headmaster he was not called upon in the usual run of things to do detention duty, for which the girls in detention were no doubt grateful, because Mr Howell was the only master besides the Head empowered to administer corporal punishment — but Mr Howell relished the opportunity whenever it came his way. His wrinkled face looked almost cheerful when he arrived at the door of the room at ten past four and found seven girls standing beside their desks with looks of dismay on their young faces.

When the whispered groans had petered out, Mr Howell

# Detention Room



seated himself at the big desk elevated above the rest at the front of the classroom and did what he always did to begin with on such occasions; he set the seven miscreants an essay, to be finished within fifteen minutes, which would get the thing off to a quiet start whilst he settled himself in and decided which of the little sweethearts he would pick on first when the fifteen minutes was up. He had completely forgotten about the girl with fair hair.

Upstairs, the blonde girl waited worriedly for Mr Howell to return, peering through the glass doors and expecting to see him approaching at any moment. As time wore on, she felt if anything worse than she had to start with, since the door of the storeroom was unlocked and through it she could see the bit of shelf with canes and straps and a stingy-looking slipper on it, so that after about a quarter of an hour her bottom was already flinching at the thought of what was going to happen to it — eventually, that was. After what seemed to be another fifteen minutes, though it may not have been, running footsteps along the corridor made the blonde girl start and straighten up, although she could see that it wasn't Mr Howell, of course — he couldn't have run to save his life — but a flustered girl in a considerable hurry. She burst through the swing doors.

"Twenty one, twenty two, twenty three —!" In a panic, she threw open the storeroom door and scooped up a leather strap lying on the shelf. Canes clattered to the floor. "Oh, Lord! Twenty four, twenty five —" She scrabbled about, picking up the canes, face flushed and panting as she continued to

count out loud. "Twenty six, twenty seven —!"

She dashed away again. "Twenty eight, twenty nine —" The blonde girl stared after her as the doors banged shut.

Down the stairs; "Thirty nine, Oh Christ! Forty, forty one."

"Fowler! Come here!"

At the bottom of the stairs the Headmaster glared up at the descending girl. "Don't you realise it's dangerous to go running around the school?"

"Forty four, forty five — oh, please sir — I've only got fifteen seconds left."

"Left? Until what?"

"Until I have to give Mr Howell this sir!" she waved the strap under his nose " — or — or I'll be the first, sir. Fifty, sir."

"First? For what?"

"Oh, please sir — can I explain later? *Please?*"

The Headmaster, who had realised now what was going on, looked down at the panicking girl and mulled it over. Fifty four — fifty five —.

"Very well, Fowler. You may come to my study when Mr Howell has finished with you, and you can explain to me then." Fifty eight — fifty nine — "Oh, and bring that strap. I shall be explaining one or two things myself."

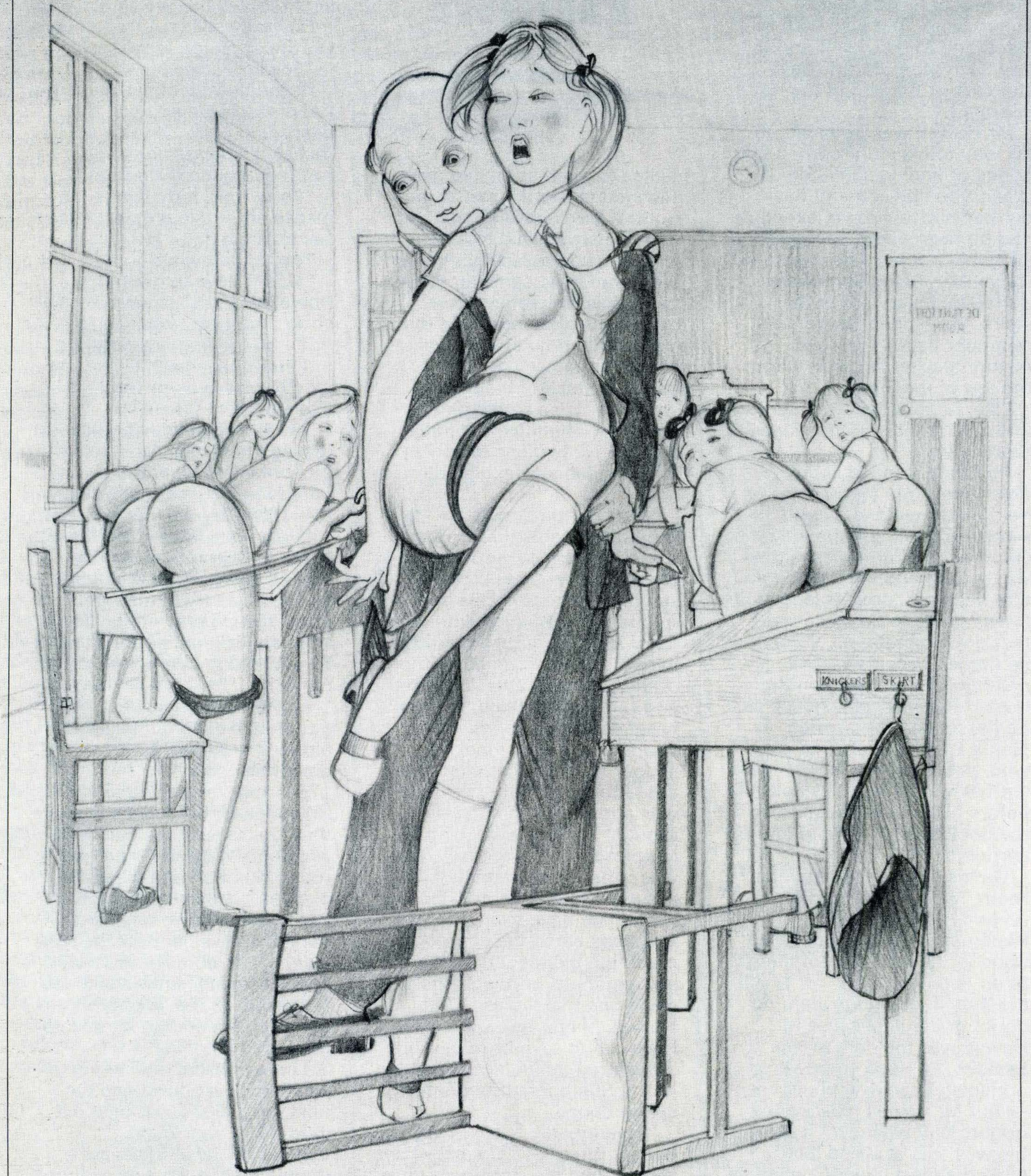
Fowler was gone, skirt fluttering as she ran pell-mell along the corridor to the detention room.

She took, according to Mr Howell, twenty seconds longer than the minute she had been allowed. Twenty being a nice round number, and the girl's bottom, once she had tugged her knickers down and bent herself across her desk, being a nice, round bottom, Mr Howell applied twenty strokes with the full length of the strap and with considerable energy for one so advanced in years.

The wriggling, blubbering girl was told to sit down and the next girl's essay was read out loud. Fault was found, inevitably. Her knickers came down and she too was strapped until she was sobbing uncontrollably. Each of the seven girls took her turn across her desk, bottom strapped until she had been introduced in no uncertain terms to the implement which was going to



*His philosophy allowed for only one method of punishment – take their pants down and don't let them up until they're blubbling!*





measure out the remaining hour and a half.

The strappings concluded, and two of the girls still weeping noisily, Mr Howell returned to his desk distinctly breathless.

With the sound of weeping fading gradually, the class stood beside their desks — fidgety, nervous, one girl rubbing at her bottom under her skirt, while the history teacher regained his breath sufficiently to announce that there would now be a quiz, the subject being history, of course.

An auburn-haired girl in the front row was directed to bend over her desk again, and arrange herself with her skirt rolled neatly to her waist and her knickers halfway down her thighs. Having done as she was told in a jittery muddle of trembling fingers and jellified knees, with her strapped bottom looming round and rosy behind her, she spluttered into tears, not knowing what she had done *this* time but certain that she wouldn't be on her tummy across the desk again if that strap wasn't going to revisit the tender places it had already attended to.

"Now then — each of you will do precisely as this girl has done."

With sideways looks, mystified, dubious, knowing that whatever was about to happen it was likely to be painful, the six girls still standing fiddled with their clothes, slipped their knickers down, shuffled into position across their own desks and kept their eyes on the strap as Mr Howell took it in his hand and began to patrol along the rows and down the aisles.

"Pat — pat — splatt" The sound of leather against palm set several bottoms twitching as their owners felt the passage of Mr Howell and his strap behind them, in their blind spots. The pacing finally stopped, directly behind the auburn-haired girl, and the playful spatt! of the strap across her heated buttocks made her whimper faintly in dread anticipation.

"Battle of Hastings — when was it, girl?"

"Um — ten sixty six, sir." she gasped, hands sneaking along

her flanks as though she wanted to cover her nakedness but didn't quite dare to do so.

"Yes. You see — it's easy, isn't it." He strolled in a leisurely fashion to the next girl, with her bottom up-thrust, head down, eyes watching his feet as he stopped behind her.

"Battle of Trafalgar?"

"Um — er —"

"Eighteen — what?"

"Eighteen — um — ten, sir?"

Whack! The girl squealed as the strap smacked firmly across both of her bum-cheeks.

"Oh five, miss. Eighteen oh five." Whack! "Got it?"

"Ooogh — ooh — y-yes sir — eighteen oh five, sir."

Her hot little bottom shivered as the strap was laid thoughtfully across its twin rotundities.

"One — eight — oh — five. Now then, what does one and eight and zero and five add up to, hmm?"

"Er — eight, five — oh, and one — um — f-fourteen sir?"

"Correct". And slowly, deliberately, the strap applied fourteen strokes, solid whacks each one, while the girl's bottom jumped and swivelled and her hips bounced up from the desk with each stroke.

Fourteen fresh strokes, overlying the dozen or so she had already been given for the inadequacy of her essay, was enough to have the wretched girl in a frenzy of weeping before even half the punishment had been given her. When it was complete, after she had been ordered and eventually pushed back over her desk several times when the smart in her bottom had made her jerk to her feet, she couldn't help but stand up again, doing a little dance on the spot as she clutched at her bum and sobbed loudly. Mr Howell passed on.

"Battle of Waterloo?" the strap splatted eagerly across the next obediently uplifted pair of buttocks, suffused with red in swathes which curved around each chubby cheek.

"Um — er —" She may well have known the answer, but the threat of the strap playing with her helpless bum-cheeks drove it from her mind. The only thing she could think about was the wretched vulnerability of her bottom.

Crack! The trembly cheeks squeezed together as the girl wormed her hips and clung to the edge of the desk, white-knuckled.

"Eighteen fifteen. Add it up, girl."

"Ooo — oogh — eight, sir — an' one — and one and five, sir — oogh — um — fifteen, sir."

"Sure?"

"Er, yes sir. Fifteen sir."

The strap flicked across the waiting buttocks.

"Eighteen and fifteen? I make that thirty three, don't you?"

The girl's stifled groan said that, yes, if you looked at it that way, sir, it *was* thirty three.

"But you make it fifteen, you say?"

"S-sir — I'm sorry — I thought that was what you —" She whimpered into silence.

The strap descended upon two more huddling, twitching, bobbing buttocks fifteen times, then the sobbing girl was told, "That's your fifteen — eighteen you owe me."

The strap stroked the full, sore, pert cheeks. It wasn't her fault that her bottom's impudently healthy invitation had taken the old man's fancy.

"You can come and get them tomorrow, in my storeroom, understood?"

"Ooo — yes sir, yes. Tomorrow, sir — in your st-storeroom."

"Quite so." Mr Howell, his strap, and his dispensation of discipline continued, while upstairs the blonde girl waiting in the cul-de-sac at the end of the upper corridor whispered to herself that he'd forgotten, he really had, and somehow, by a miracle, she'd actually got away with it!

Timidly, quietly, guiltily, she pushed open the doors and crept, then walked, then ran along the corridor and down the stairs. Mr Howell didn't notice her as she flitted past the door of the detention room, and for her part she was too anxious to be gone from the building to look through the window in the door. But no matter — the strap was busy with someone else's bum, and to Mr Howell one girl with her knickers down was pretty much like another. After all, he never remembered their faces!



Dear Fusspot,

Thank you for your letter. This is just a brief note (I'm very busy at present) to set your mind at rest until I get down to see you.

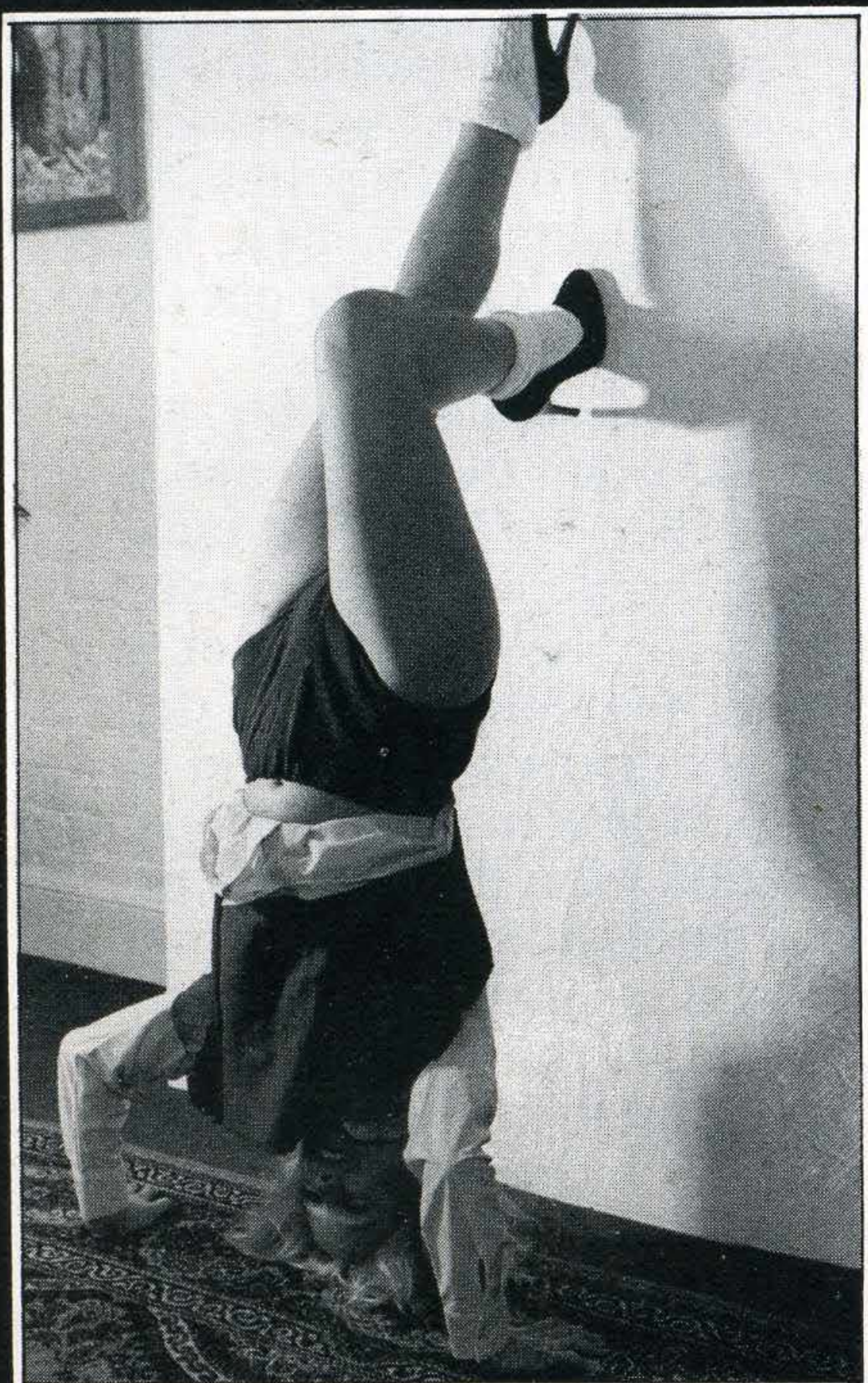
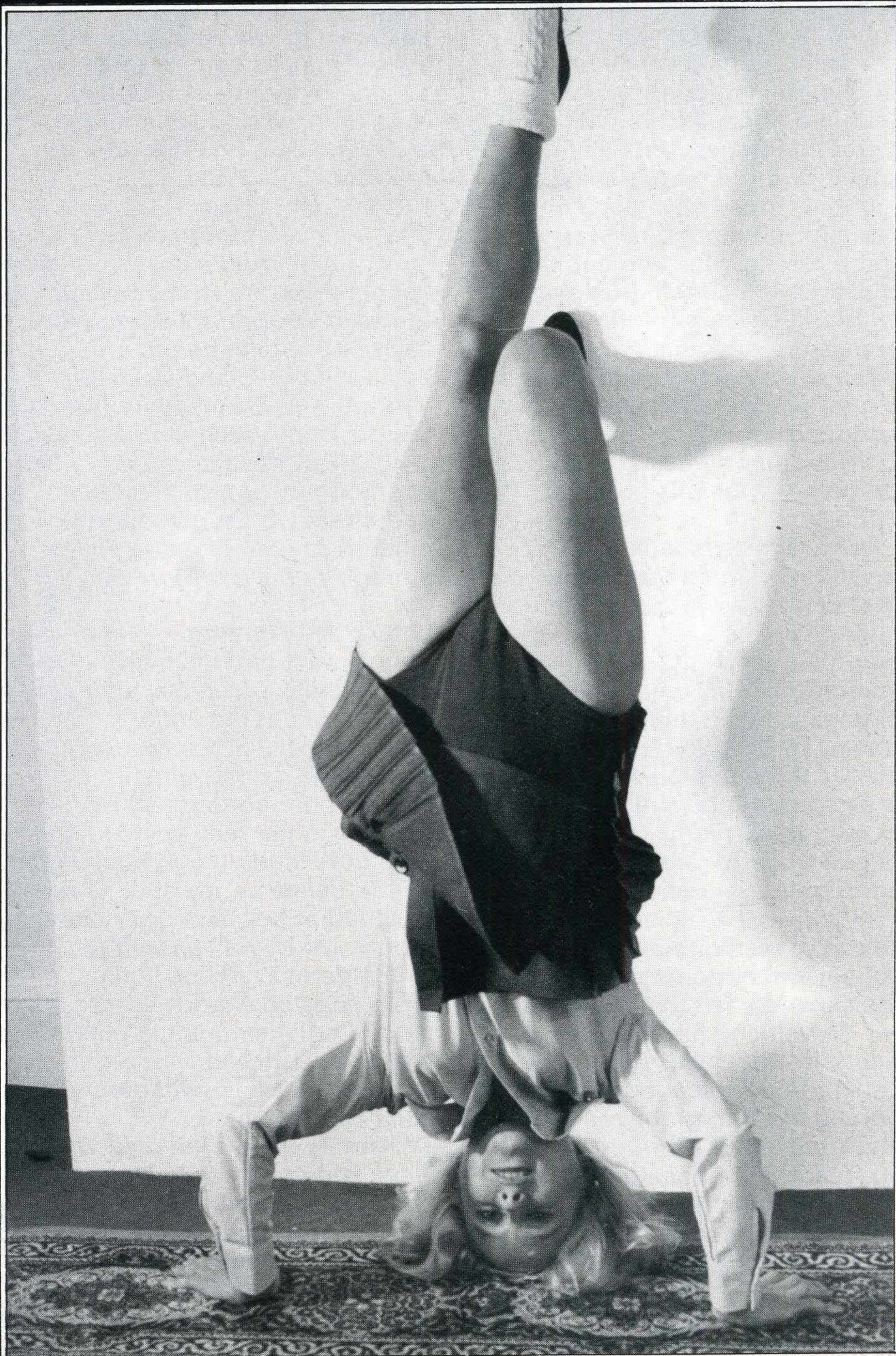
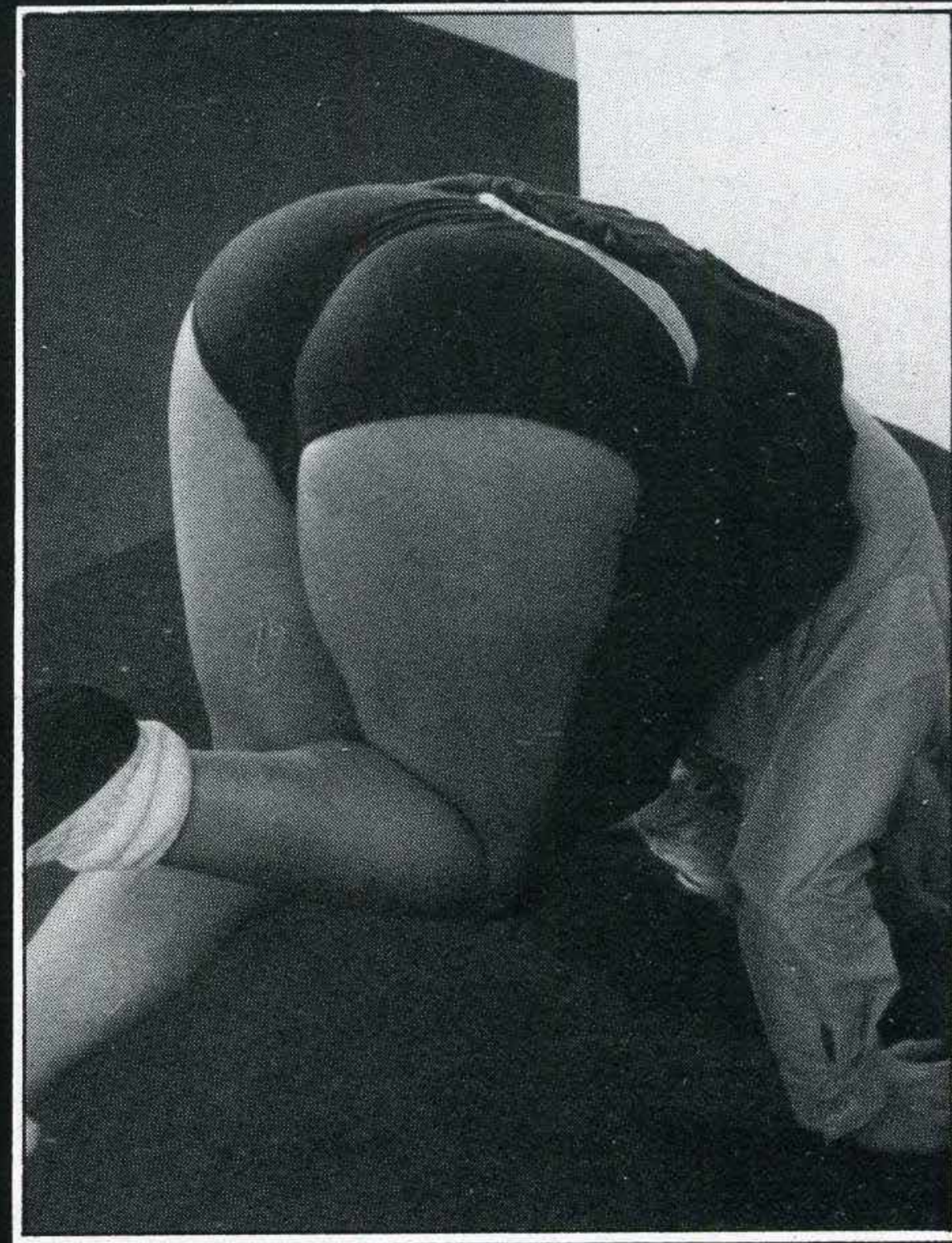
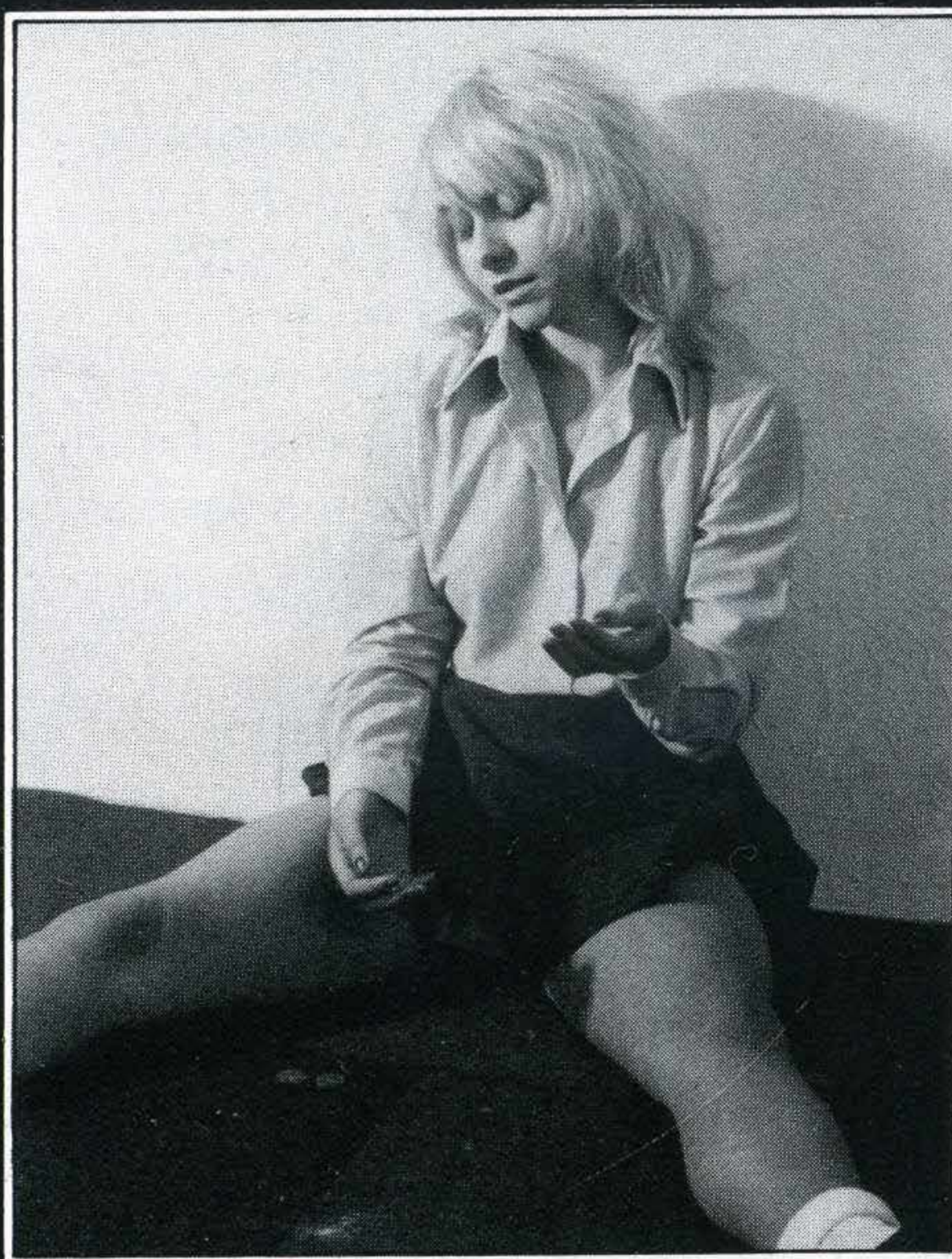
Regarding your first worry; you have to remember that teachers are responsible people, and, like doctors, they have a kind of professional detachment that enables them to do their jobs without any kind of emotional involvement. Next time the headmaster takes your knickers down, just remember that he's not actually noticing that you're half-undressed; to him you're just a naughty girl who needs her bottom smacked – he's no more interested in what's actually inside your pants than I used to be when I had to spank you from time to time.

With regard to your second worry, yes, I suppose that does sound a little out of the ordinary, but for the present I think you should just do as you're told – you won't have to get spanked so often that way – and I'll have a word with him about it when I come down, which will be in a month or so. I doubt if there's actually any real cause for concern though. You are, after all, officially old enough now, aren't you.

As I say, I shall be down in a month or so. Meanwhile why don't you do some of your Yoga to settle your mind?

Love  
Uncle Charles.

P.S. How's the pocket money situation? Better let me know.





*It was the innocents, especially if they were pretty, who lost their knickers. It was just the way of the world.*

# A CIVIL SERVANT COLLECTS



His conscience was something Arnold always had to deal with on occasions such as these, before he could be sure of not letting himself down in a way that he would kick himself for later. Coming down on the train it had been easy enough to slide the photograph out of the envelope behind a copy of Scientific American and run his eyes – and imaginary hands – over the delightful, youthful, and reportedly thoroughly available shape of the girl on the netball court whose name was Jennifer. Savouring the prospect of actually meeting her, he had felt himself taking on already the authoritative characteristics the girl would no doubt expect to find in him, thinking of him, as she would be led to do, as a very senior member of her school's hierarchy, and therefore someone to be obeyed without question, no matter what. He had caught himself practising various phrases under his breath, though he had realised with a start that he had been moving his lips as he'd done so and, for all he knew, giving himself away to the man seated opposite him, had he been watching. Phrases like, 'Now then Jennifer – we'll just have these little knickers down, shall we?' accompanied by a quiet chuckle halfway between Father Christmas and Rasputin. Oh, yes, he had begun to feel confident of his ability to carry the whole thing off rather well, and untroubled by guilt at the thought of exercising his libido at the expense of an innocent sixteen year old whose faith in human nature would be shattered forever were she to find out the truth about the confidence trick he and her headmaster intended to play on her.

That was life; the strong, the clever, and the downright devious – they were the ones whose bread landed butter-side uppermost. The innocent – and especially the innocents who were as pretty as young Jennifer – they were the ones who got their knickers taken down, and serves them right too.

Arnold's nonchalance about the 'dog eat dog' nature of a strongly sexed man's relationships with those of the opposite sex whose circumstances rendered them





liable to exploitation, took a sharp knock when, after spending half an hour in Reggie's office while the Headmaster bent his ear about his school's needs for funds for this and that project – funds which *he* was supposed to help find, through his influence in his department – he had been allowed to take a surreptitious look at the girl, Jennifer. She had been pointed out to him as she chased around in the gymnasium before super – at netball practise, he'd supposed. Suddenly – almost as if something had prompted her to look up at him, he'd found himself confronted by a face of such innocence, with wide-open blue eyes of such trusting purity, that a shock of guilt had shaken him to the core. It had seemed for a minute that she must have known, even though *he* knew she hadn't been given so much as a hint at that time.

Now, with the moment well and truly upon him, with the door to the little staffroom securely locked and with Reggie's assurance that even if he raped the girl – only, would he please *not* do such a thing, for the sake of the school if nothing else – her cries would be heard by no-one, since there was no-one anywhere near to hear, the pangs of conscience he had felt an hour or so ago were being smothered by the springing of sap in his loins.

The innocent blue eyes which had met his in the gym were clouded now with the mist of unhappiness, the impish face overshadowed by apprehension, though it had lost none of its prettiness, these things reminding him somewhere deep down of the trust he was abusing right here and now. But such considerations had no chance against others which appealed directly to even deeper levels of Arnold's psyche.

When he had ordered her out of her skirt – yes, ordered was the word, sharp-edged words, brooking no nonsense, the tone one that a girl like her would expect to hear from a man such as he – he had *wanted* her to recognise the brutishness in him, the lasciviousness in his eyes as he had looked down at the snug pout in her knickers at the top of her thighs. He had wanted to see







*She dared not even hazard a guess  
as to what he was thinking as his  
eyes wandered down past her belly*



the leap of understanding in her expression as she had been made to see herself as he saw her; vulnerable, available, accessible – helpless to influence the course of events, save by acknowledging that very helplessness and trusting that he might be sympathetic to the plight of a girl made to stand in her knickers in front of a frightening stranger, with only the ominous last words of her headmaster as he'd left her here with this man 'You'll do as you're told, Jennifer, do you understand?' to guide her in this situation where she was so far out of her depth.

'Turn round', he kept the edge to his voice, enjoying the nervousness in her movements as she turned, eager to please, looking back over her shoulder as she presented the knicker-cuddled plumpness of her bottom to this man whom, she knew – he had told her at once that she was to be punished, though not *why* – would want her knickers down, her bottom bared, accessible for the spanking she'd been promised.

Recognising, somehow, the need to ask for understanding in the only way open to her, Jennifer took care to push out her bottom and make it look as spankable as possible, to tuck at the elastic where it curved up across her bottom-cheek as though nudging it into place, yet managing to bare a fraction more skin in the process. She kept her legs pressed close together, virginal, yet virginity hinted at by immodesty. A dangerous game, even though it was no game, this asking for pity in her helplessness by inviting exploitation of that very helplessness.

'Turn round!' She turned and she looked – warily, but she looked – at the suggestion of a bulge in his lap as he sat in the chair, telling him that she knew, accentuating her vulnerability in her having to look and know and be in no position to do any damned thing about it.

He wanted her knickers down, of course. A fluff of blonde hair appeared above the dragged-down waistband elastic of her pants, attracting his eyes, making her tremble at the thought of what he may want to do with her, yet having to co-operate in what





might prove to be her own downfall. At last, yet inevitably – 'Come across here. Come along.'

His hand fondled up under the cheekiness of her bottom, stroking, gently patting, squeezing, enjoying. His voice all at once without the edge, a suggestion of sympathy perhaps, – she couldn't be sure. She lifted a fraction up on to her toes, turning a little, away from the patronising hand. Yet not so far as to cause offence.

'Feels like it needs a smacking, this bottom. Nice little spanking - hmm - asking for it, this bottom, of yours, wouldn't you say?'

Drawn into the game, having to play, she dared a wiggle, the very littlest movement of the warm softness of her bottom against his hand; 'Ooo - but - but I'm sure sir, if you spank me sir, it'll make me go all wriggly - like this - and like this - 'the words, of course, unsaid, but all there in those little movements.

'Over here - come along now'.

Over his knees, the place where spankings happen and bottoms really *do* get wriggly, yet still she might be winning. The first spanks, when they arrived, stinging as much as spankings always did, her bottom bobbing as she makes pretence of pretending to be brave, but the humiliating, silly little words slipping out; and no pretence about it.

'Ooo - please - please - please don't - please sir!'

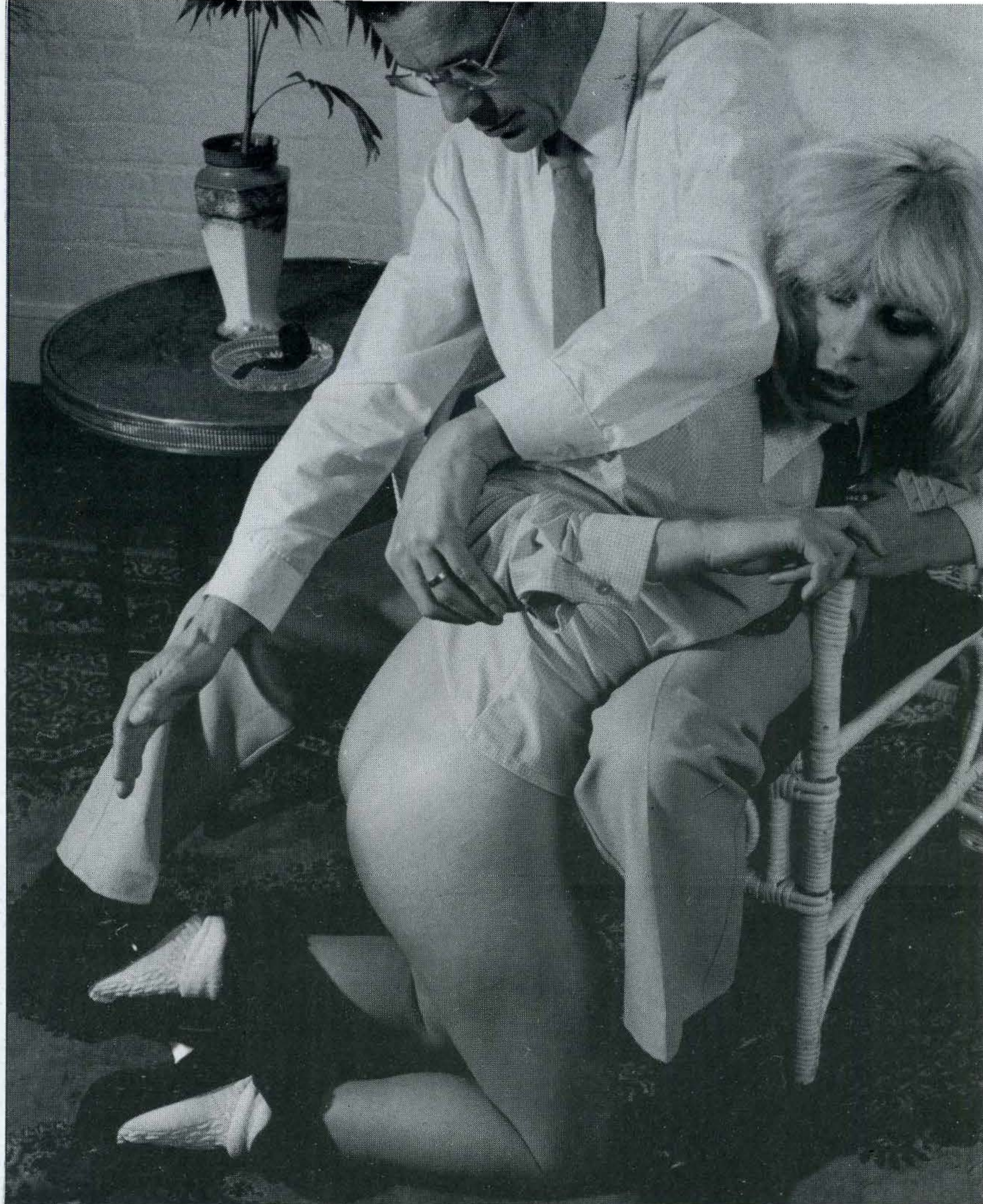
Silly little words, but what else to say, and the saying of *something* an absolute necessity, the sting in her bum quite apart, or else he'd have to spank her harder still just to be sure the right reaction was being obtained.

Smarting, squirming, twitching - a bottom not pretending anything, doing what it does only because it must; words jumbling together with noises that were meant to be 'pleases' and 'don'ts' and 'sirs' but which came out more 'Ooogh' and 'Ooow!'

More spanking, and more again, and short, huffy little sounds that are going to be sobs any minute now, any minute!

Keep it up, my dear. Come along - bottom up for your spanking, Jennifer!'

Yes, definitely sobs, and the thought that perhaps, after all,





she actually isn't getting anything for all her subtlety except the well-smacked bottom she was always going to get right from the start. Yes, sobs alright, and something that might be tears.

A wretched, tearful, wriggle of a girl, at last she was let up. Made to stand just so, humiliated, helpless again, vulnerable, accessible, though she hopes - surely he won't - surely he wouldn't want to make her cry any more - his eyes wandering down, so that she can almost feel them there - down there - and now the unavoidable conclusion. The game she thought she was playing, though heaven knows it was hardly a game, the little trick of trying to be so *very* helpless, so *very* much at his mercy - well, it never was a game, nor a pretence. She'd never had a chance. A word from him and she'd do whatever it was he wanted, no arguments, and not because the Head Master had said so. But because she really was helpless - a victim, at his mercy, of which there was precious little.

The realisation made her cry again, all on her own, without any help from him, legs spread-eagled, little fluff of fair pubic hairs, lower lip trembling as she said she was sorry, though of course, she didn't even know why she'd been spanked, and that made Arnold's conscience turn like a knife in a wound and make him think about it, as he looked at her, knowing that now she'd do whatever he wanted, but that he really wasn't brute enough to *make* her do it after all.

And so he didn't. He let her pull her knickers up and run gratefully away when he'd unlocked the door, and although neither of them knew it, the whole thing had worked, and Arnold had won, for a while, and then his conscience had had its turn to win, and above all, though she felt like a loser, what with her smacked bottom and all, young Jennifer too had won, although she really didn't know it.

In the hotel room, later on, Arnold decided that there was always next time. He'd just have to work at being a bastard, that was all!





"Sir?" Anne's voice has a definite tremor to it, and understandably so. The hand which patted her bottom a few moments earlier up under her buttocks, before patting again with a little lift to each cheek in turn, had a distinctly expert feel to it, as though it had smacked more bottoms than she would care to know about. "Sir? Excuse me, Sir."

under her buttocks. She feels warm and skittish to the touch, her skin satiny where his fingers overlap the leg elastic of her knickers.

There is only one window in the room, high in one wall, and the level of lighting is not improved by the grime on the quartered window panes. The bare floorboards have a layer of dust on them, although there

in the quietness of this frightening room, making little intermittent scraping sounds as they touch against the door with their swinging. The girl's eyes follow the hypnotic movement of these ominous intimations of the present function of this hideaway. She looks pleadingly at the man whom she supposes to be a governor of the school, seeing

# A SECRET PLACE

"Hmm?" They are standing outside a door which, when it has been unlocked, will lead to a long, narrow passage. At the far end of the passage will be a second door, and beyond that, a room which Anne has never seen but about which she has heard more than enough. The man whom she is calling 'sir' has been introduced to her as a 'school governor', although she has never met him before. At this moment he is sorting through a bunch of keys for one that will fit the lock.

"Sir — m-may I ask — wh-what exactly is it that I've done wrong?"

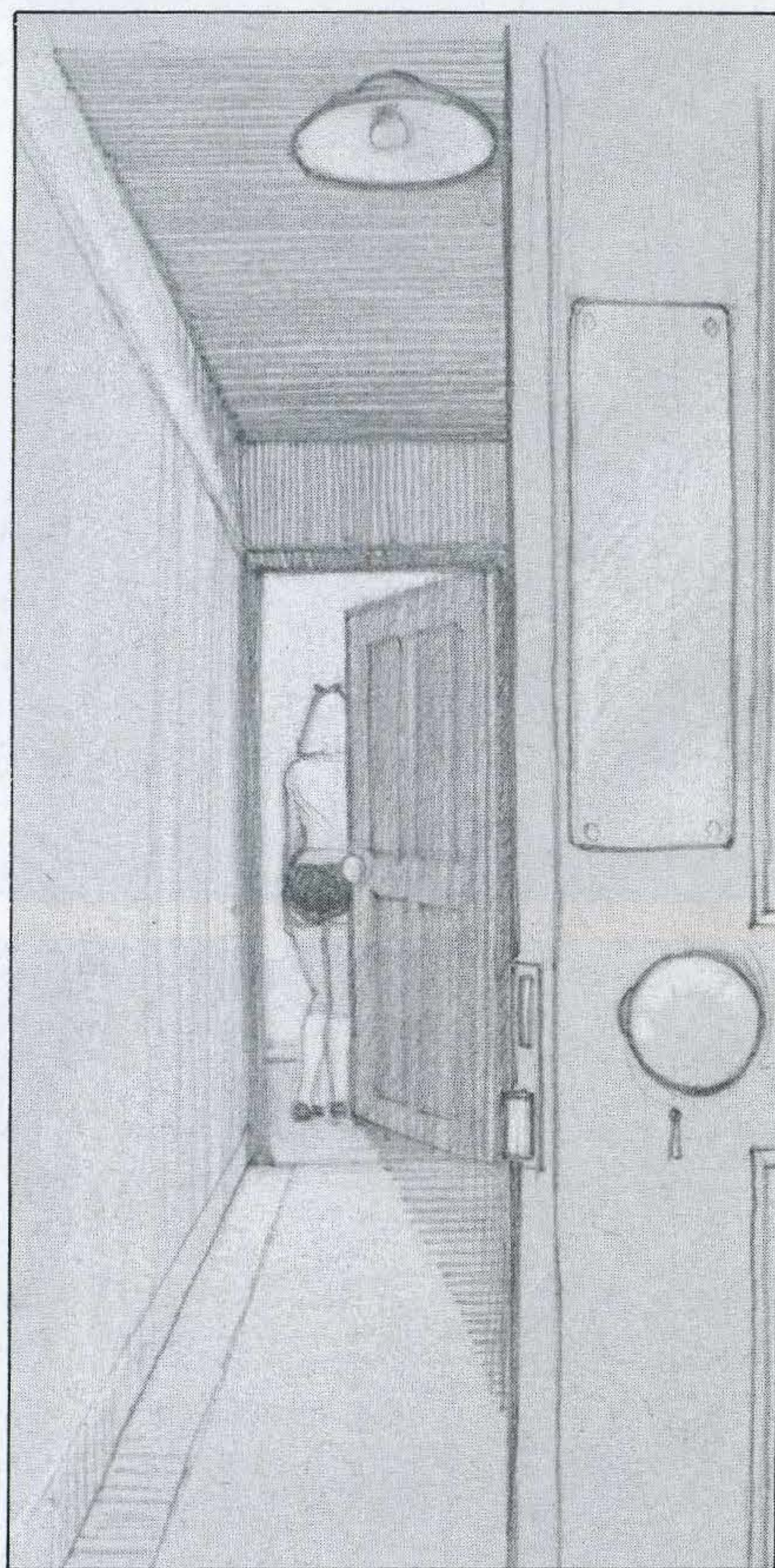
"Done wrong, my dear? Um — ah yes, this is the one."

The key turns easily in the well-oiled lock. "After you." And Anne's bottom is smacked playfully through the door. The passage is dark, and the girl stumbles as her foot catches on an uneven floorboard.

"Just a moment," Basil gropes along the wall for the light switch, his hand swooshing softly against the brickwork. The light clicks on. A naked bulb glares down bleakly from the ceiling.

"Alright — I'll just close the door." Anne hears the quiet 'click' as the key turns. She goes dubiously towards the second door, Basil following and watching her navy knickers as they pull tight around pert buttocks, her bottom full and plump and with that firm-soft look that is typical of the teenage girl's bum. Basil squeezes past at the second door and unlocks it.

He coaxes the girl into the little room with a hand cupped



are numerous footprints, and at one place there is an area which looks as though people have been scraping their feet around and clearing the dust away. High on the wall, immediately above this shoe-scraped bit of floor, there is a metal bracket projecting from the bricks. It is at about the height a girl might reach if she were to stand on the very tips of her toes. There is an old school desk and a tall stool and nothing else.

Basil closes the door, and there is a rattling sound. Anne looks around and sees several canes dangling from hooks screwed into the door's woodwork. They swing gently

something in his expression that she mistakes for kindness or sympathy or understanding of her predicament.

"Sir — please — what did I do wrong, sir?"

"Wrong? I'm afraid I don't know what you've done wrong, my dear." The vague smile is there again. "Didn't you have to see the Headmaster? Didn't he explain the matter to you?"

"N-no, n-not really, sir."

He glances down at her knickers. "But he told you that you were to be punished, surely. I mean, I presumed that the point of your turning up to see me in your knickers was that you knew you were to be punished and simply wanted to be as co-operative as possible. Wasn't that it?"

Anne blushes furiously at having to talk about her knickers to this man, this stranger.

"N-no sir — the Headmaster told m-me that I was to come in my gym things, but I got my shorts wet in the shower this afternoon, sir, so I couldn't wear them, and when I t-told the Headmaster he said it didn't matter, an-and I should come in my — my knickers, sir."

Basil drops his eyes and another of his ephemeral smiles plays around his mouth. And a charming idea it had been too. Finding her waiting in a tee-shirt and school knickers, and nothing else besides socks and shoes, had got him off to a good start right *from* the start. That man knew him too well.

"Well, it doesn't make much difference, actually. I shouldn't worry about it. I mean, you're not going to have them on long,



are you my dear?"

Anne's face looks slightly shocked at that. Her tongue peeps out and touches her lips nervously.

"Sir — are you sure I'm to be p-punished? The Headmaster didn't actually say that I was to be punished, sir. He didn't actually say."

"Oh yes. You're to be caned, my dear. Soundly caned."

"Oooh —!" Anne's eyes blink as though tears are threatening already. She edges away and bumps against the wall. "S-sir — please sir — do I *have* to be c-caned sir?"

"Er — well yes. Yes, you do." Another of his smiles — of course he's simply teasing her, which is why he smiles — passes across his face. "Surely you know that naughty girls are liable to be caned, don't you? Hmm?"

"Er — I didn't realise I'd been naughty. I — I still don't know what I've done. An-and I've only been here a few days sir — I don't know much about c-caning and things, sir."

"Really? You've only been here a few days? Dear oh dear! Well it's a pity you have to start off with a caning I suppose, but — well, there it is. I mean, I'm only lending a hand this evening. The Headmaster has an appointment, and he asked me if I would fill in for him in various ways — I suppose you just happen to be one of the little duties I have to perform. Er — in my capacity of school governor, that is. I mean, he definitely said that Anne Powell, whom I would find waiting at — I suppose you *are* Anne Powell, aren't you?"

Plainly wishing that right at this moment she wasn't, Anne nods her head dismally.

"Well, there you are. You're to be caned, Anne and I'm afraid that's that." Basil spins on his heel, all resolution and determination to do his duty, and he takes one of the canes from the hooks behind the door. He flexes it in his hands, as though not sure it's quite right for a bottom as plump as Anne's, then he puts it back and checks along the row for one that might have just that extra touch of sting in its supple length.



*A gobbet of cream, glistening on the tip of a finger, and a nervous girl keeping her legs pressed firmly together!*



This performance, the testing of the canes and the swishing of them, the experimental taps against the palm of the hand, the quiet, almost considerate suggestion that the girl might like to bend over and touch her toes so that the cane can stroke teasingly across her knickers, the instruction to stick her plump young bottom out so that a series of tentative little pats can reach across both round buttocks and a flick with the tip can sting her without warning on the bits her pants leave bare: all these things conspire to undermine whatever reserves of determination the girl has to be brave and see it through, and suddenly she is sniffing and snuffling and then she is crying in an undemonstrative way that somehow reveals more of her distress than if she had sobbed out loud.

He keeps her down there, touching her toes, while the cane 'swhits' and 'whups' playfully across her navy knickers, making her start nervously and pant a little between her quiet tears, the strokes not really strokes, enough only to make her buttocks tweak together as the cane lands. Anne's weeping becomes gradually more like sobbing; her knees are beginning to flex with every other stroke as she struggles against the urge to swerve her bum away from the smarting cane-flicks. A few more, just a touch harder, and then Basil draws his hand across her bottom, patting it and telling her what a perfect bottom it is for the cane, slipping her knickers across into the division and standing back a little so that the cane has a better swing at the freshly bared plumpness of her trembly, reddening bottom. Several minutes of this and Anne is plainly losing her grip. She is getting livelier at every teasing contact of the cane with her crimsoned bum, and her crying is becoming irregular with little 'ouch's and 'ooogh's' to relieve the monotony of her distress.

"Right. That will do, I should think." says Basil.

Anne stands up gingerly, eyes wide, hands sneaking round to

her bottom to rub and squeeze.

"Yes, I think this is the cane I'll use."

Anne's look of shocked disbelief is something to behold.

"Come over here." Basil indicates the bracket set in the wall. "Hold onto this — up on your toes, now. Come on."

"Please — please don't. No more — Please!"

"No more? Whatever do you mean girl? I haven't even begun yet."

When Anne has finally done as she has been told, and she is standing on tip-toe, clinging to the bracket with her arms above her head, Harold squats down behind her and peels her knickers down from her hips, down her thighs, down to her ankles. She swings nervously around, trying to keep her eyes on him as he circles round her, the cane in his hand.

She tries to edge away as he strokes a hand down the curve of her tummy, down into the moist niche between her thighs. His hand cups the soft swell of her pubic mound, fingers slipping along underneath her. With the cane held short in his other hand he begins to give her a series of strokes, harder than before, most of them angling up under her bum-cheeks, catching her always in much the same place, making her jerk and jolt away from the the sting, forward onto his hand.

Anne's evasive attempts send her veering away in various directions, but always the interloping hand restrains her. Her eyes constantly swivel round to look pleadingly into those of her tormentor. She gasps pleas, promises, profuse apologies, her lips moist and sweet, her tears flowing copiously down her cheeks. She pants and sobs but she clings onto the bracket.

She is still dangling there ten minutes or so later. Her bottom has so many crimson stripes across its pert rotundity that it is impossible to differentiate between them for the most part, except where a wilder swing on Anne's part has presented her flank to the swishing cane and a red finger has inscribed itself across unmarked skin.

Basil leaves her there and goes to the desk in the corner of the room. He rummages around and produces a small jar from which he unscrews the lid. He dips in a finger, bringing it out with a fat dollop of translucent cream on it. Anne blinks through wet-rimmed, puffy eyes. She utters no coherent sound as Basil slides his hand down underneath her, but she pulls herself up on her toes as the cream slides along the tunnel between her thighs. Basil's other hand meets the slippery goo between her bum-cheeks and begins to spread it over her tender bottom in small, gentle, circular sweeps, across and round to where the soreness is worst, then back again through the slippery gap between her thighs.

He talks to her quietly, murmuring soothing words and telling her she's been a brave, brave girl, and not to let go of the bracket, not just yet, not until he tells her. Slowly, involuntarily perhaps yet quite definitely, Anne begins to respond to the slithery, slidy stimulation as Basil's fingers slip between her legs. His voice coaxes her, chides her gently when she seems to recover her senses and wants to pull away, calms her into obedient compliance while his fingers nudge her confidently to a quivering, undemonstrative climax, reached almost resignedly, panted out quietly in submission to the inevitable.

When Anne has dressed herself again — she has only to pull up her knickers of course, so it takes but a moment — she is sent to wait at the end of the passage. Keeping her eyes averted from those of the man who has frightened and bewildered her by turns, she leaves the little room and goes unhappily down the passage.

Basil locks the door behind him and then lets the bewildered and ashamed Anne out of the second door. He lets her go, and she scampers off, bottom bobbing crimson where her knickers fail to cover the evidence of the punishment. Basil walks unhurriedly away to have a brandy with his old friend, Reggie.

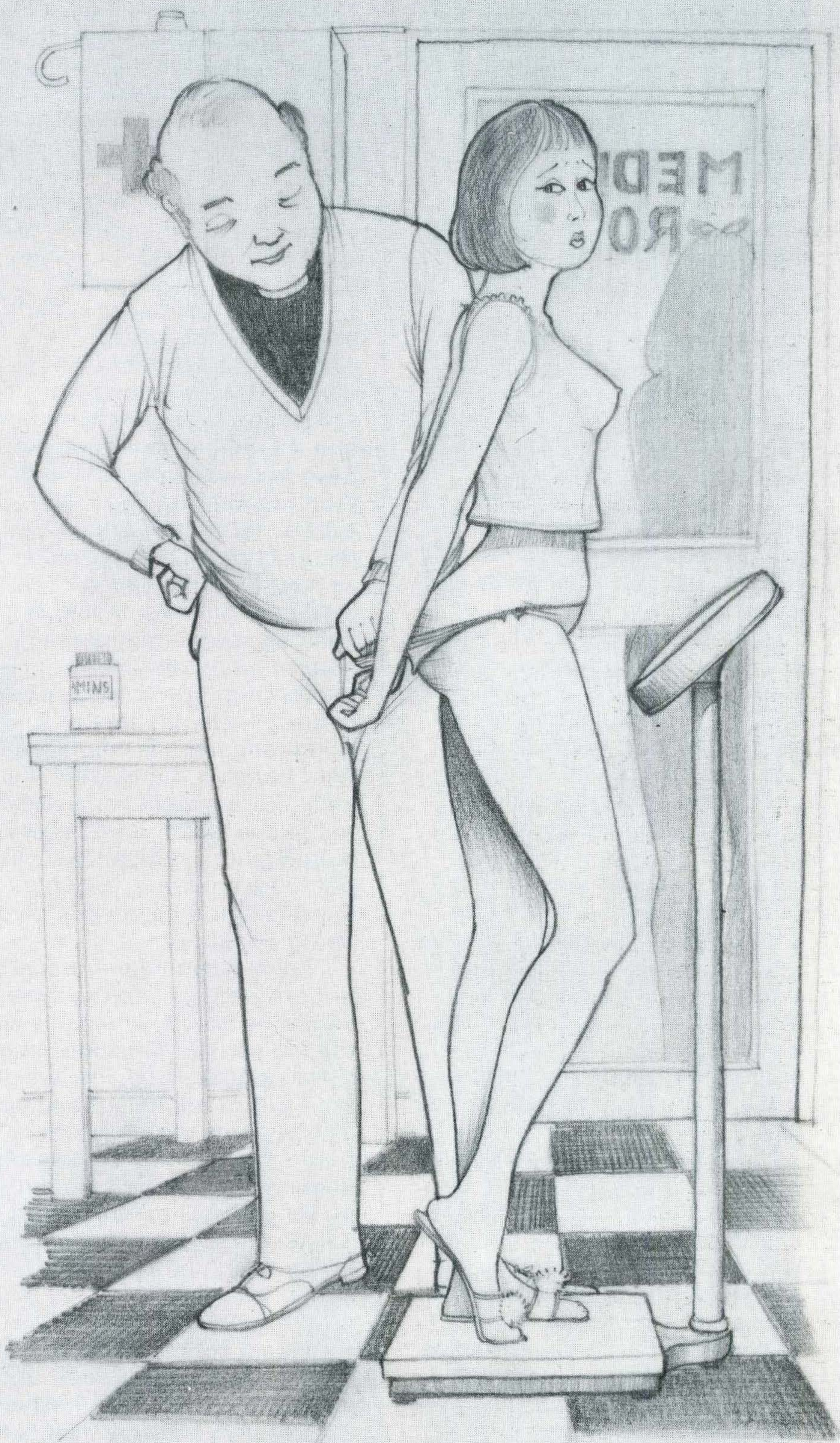


It is getting chilly in the corridor, now that the sun has gone down, and the four girls waiting outside the medical room are not dressed so much for warmth as for — to be frank — accessibility. They are in their night clothes — the clock on the bell tower across the quadrangle is creeping towards nine o'clock and bed-time during the week is nine-thirty — and whoever it was who decided that the girls' nightwear should be so skimpy, plainly had other considerations in his mind beside thermal insulation or modesty. Each girl wears a top which is actually a short sleeved tunic — so short that it doesn't reach quite to her waist, nor to the top of her 'bottoms', which are themselves cut no more generously than the average pair of school knickers, and are made less conducive to decency by the little slits which run up the outer seams for two inches or so at the thigh. The whole being made of cotton, and lightweight material at that, there is little underneath each thin pair of pants that doesn't lend every detail of its form to the exterior appearance of what are really very brief 'shorts'. So far as the girls 'tops' are concerned, breasts are less concealed than emphasised, and in the chill air in the corridor there isn't a nipple amongst them that isn't doing its erect, impudent little best to draw attention to itself by thrusting at the thin cotton from underneath.

The girls' quiet chatter ceases at the approach of a portly figure, balding and in his late fifties, who rounds the angle of the long passageway and walks with a faintly rolling gait towards the silent group.

"Good evening, girls" says the newcomer, intoning the words with a hint of bored dutifulness that is belied by the twinkle in the gentleman's eyes and the rather intimate glance which flits undisguisedly across bottoms and breasts as the girls are ushered through the door into the antiseptic-smelling ante-room.

The gentleman, vaguely 'man-of-the-cloth' in his manner and his dress, opens an inner door and then unlocks a



*The ritual; feeling all bottom and boobs, and quite naked, another blushing girl suffers the humiliation of a Medical Room weighing.*



medicine cabinet high on one wall. He takes down a jar labelled 'vitamins' and places it on a table. He looks up at the first girl in the line and gestures her into the room with a smile that, though broad enough is not altogether convincing.

The girl closes the door behind her and the gentleman takes a file card from a drawer and writes the first 'patient's' name upon it. "Annabel". He has no need to ask her name — she and her three companions have been nightly visitors to this room for the last month, since term began.

"Scales, please." says the man.

At a generous estimate, the girl's night clothes would weigh somewhere between six and eight ounces, and would be inconsequential in the matter of ascertaining her body-weight. Nevertheless — and she does it without being told to, as though it's what she always does — she slips off first the little pants and then the top before stepped up onto the scales, barefoot. Her cheeks are a pink flush of embarrassment, and her eyes do not look at the gentleman as he leans close behind her to peer over her shoulder at the dial on the machine. The firmness of her bottom, cupped in a hand, is alive to the touch. She draws her breath a little as inquisitive, insensitive fingers trace around the undercurves of her bottom, close-grouped cane weals still faintly warm to the fingertips, the chaplain's voice next to her ear:

"Still feel it, eh? Bottom still tender, is it?"

"S-sir — yes, sir." The slight droop of her head and the soft pout of her lip as she answers are endearing if not downright arousing.

Aroused, the chaplain coaxes further confessions from the shamed girl, his voice sibilant and teasing.

"Hurt, did it?" Sting your little bottom, eh?"

"Yes sir." Her voice a whisper.

"You cried, you know. I suppose you remember crying, don't you, hmm?"

"Yes sir" Barely audible.

"And you wriggled. The headmaster made you wriggle

this time, didn't he eh?"

She nods mutely, embarrassed, nervous of the hand that loiters around the cheekiness of her buttocks and slaps lightly but inconsiderately and awakens a vague tingling where the cane had been busy that afternoon. A tear rolls down a cheek, others follow, as she wonders ruefully what she could have done to deserve so many punishments — seven canings, and she's been at the school only four weeks — and every one of them for trifling mistakes, reported to the Headmaster by this dreadful man, and each caning witnessed by him too, as though it were a conspiracy of some kind between them. She, and the girls waiting outside, have had more punishments than any other girls in the school, far more — the recollection of this afternoon's caning, the humiliation of being stretched out over that desk, knickers round her knees, squirming on her belly, blubbering for it to stop, please, please — the memory of it brings the tears faster, hot on her cheeks, running down her face. If there were someone at home she could write to, who would lend a sympathetic ear — but there's no-one, only her guardian, and he doesn't give a damn about her.

The chaplain pats Annabel's bottom and goes to the table, where he notes her weight on the file card. Eight stones and three pounds; a healthy weight for a girl of her height and age. She remains on the scales, naked, bottom and cane-marks unavoidably on display, and she no longer tries to work it out, because it is totally beyond her.

The sound of a jar being opened.

"Come here, Annabel."

Breasts bobbing, hands hiding the triangle of hair at the base of her belly, face flushed with shame at being seen like this by this man, night after night, she goes to stand by the table and waits to be given her "vitamin" pill.

Why she has to take vitamins is something else that Annabel cannot understand. She, and the other three girls, are the only ones in the school said to be 'in need of building up.' The

meticulous ritual of taking their pills is as odd as the mere fact that any of them should be thought to need them. Four healthier, more well-proportioned sixteen and seventeen year olds it would be hard to find.

Annabel opens her mouth and a small, pink tablet is popped in. She swallows it, then is made to open her mouth again to demonstrate that it has indeed gone where it was intended to go. A note is made on her file card.

"Get dressed."

It takes but a moment to slip into the skimpy pyjamas. Tits swelling under the top, pants tight around her hips, Annabel waits to be dismissed.

The chaplain looks directly into her face so that she has to glance away. The blush creeps back into her cheeks and she shuffles her feet nervously.

"I understand from the choirmaster that you were two minutes late for practise at lunchtime. Is that correct?"

She stumbles over her protest that she couldn't help it — that she'd had to wait behind in Mr Flood's class —

"I can't help that.

Headmaster's report tomorrow, afternoon break. Understood?"

"S-sir — please sir —"

She subsides hopelessly, and nods to say that she understands.

"Very well, you may go."

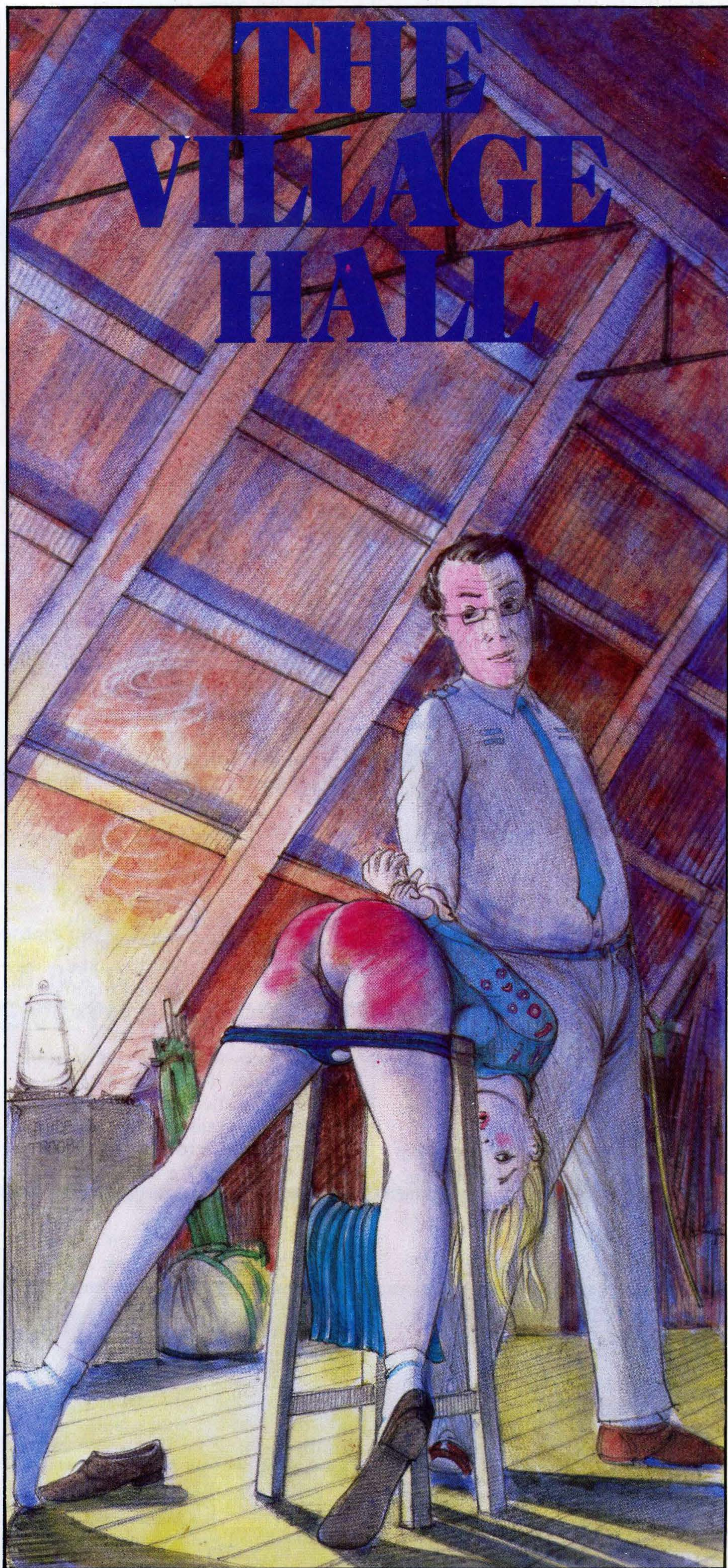
With the room to himself, the chaplain checks back through the days and weeks on the file card. A month and five days. He grins slowly, thinking of Annabel and her poor, punished bottom, and how much she seems to loathe her canings. Another week of 'vitamins' and they should all be 'safe'. He wonders how Annabel will take it when she finds that, for the first time, she has an alternative — get her knickers down and get over the Headmaster's desk, or simply get her knickers down. He's pretty sure which option she'll plump for. He decides that tomorrow's caning will have to be a little bit special, just to make certain. The Old Man will be happy to oblige, of course. He smiles one of his self-satisfied smiles, and opens the door to the girl next in line for her 'vitamins'.



The village hall, a wooden building once central to the geography and the needs of the community eighty years before, is now a dilapidated relic left behind by the developments that have taken place around it. It stands alone on a ill-tended plot of land opposite the church and backing on to the George and Dragon, from which it is divided by an ivy-grown fence. At either end its doors are locked and through its dusty windows little of the interior is to be seen in the gathering dusk. On the ridge of the sharply sloped roof a pigeon struts perkily and dips its head to peck at something under a dislodged tile. From a single narrow window, high up under the angle of the peak which confronts the back of the pub, a chink of light shows briefly before it winks out. The pigeon loses interest in whatever is under the loose tile and flaps away to its roost, while high above an aeroplane traces its path across the deepening blue of the evening sky. Leaning against the fence behind the hall, a bicycle collects the misty dampness with which the air is laden; a sticker on the saddlebag reads '2nd Brackley —', with the last word scuffed to the point of illegibility. From the roadway the bicycle would be completely hidden.

Inside, the hall is simply a large room, with two doors at the end opposite the main entrance. One of the doors leads to a kitchen, the other to a washroom and lavatory. In the ceiling of the washroom there is a large rectangular hatch, and beneath it stands a rickety wooden step ladder. The hatch is not quite closed, and through the gap comes a shaft of light.

In the storage space above the ceiling, cluttered as it is with canvas bags and tent poles and all the paraphernalia of camping expeditions, a storm lantern standing on a packing case illuminates the slope-sided claustrophobia of the loft. Shadows slant across the inward-sloping walls on either hand, but the lantern's light reaches into a corner and touches the spreadeagled thighs of a prostrate, fair-haired girl. The summer-holiday tan of her legs glows warmly in the yellow lamp-light and the bare skin looks satiny smooth and inviting to the touch.





The girl is spread out on her back; from moment to moment her parted thighs shift this way and that, drawing nervously together by an inch or so then drifting apart again with trembling reluctance, as if struggling against the urge to slam tightly together for the sake of outraged modesty.

As her naked, uncertain thighs nudge fitfully this way and that, so her white-stockinged heels shove spasmodically into the folds of a grubby old blanket and then snatch back again, these little involuntary jerks alternating with the timid wriggles, the tremulous lifts and twitches and plump, soft bounces of her bare bottom as it squirms against the roughness of the blanket. With each push of her feet amongst the rumpled blanket's folds, a loosely-clinging ruck of dark navy blue is dragged to and fro, sideways and back again, as the ankle around which her abandoned knickers are still looped drags them erratically about after it.

With each snatching, jerky movement of the forgotten knickers, breathless little whimpers whisper into the shadows; the girl's eyes open wide and then squeeze shut again as she protests timidly and without hope that her pleas will be heard. In the shallow pool of shadow at the bottom of her bare belly, fat, clumsy fingers nuzzle urgently, probing, stroking, nipping and nudging and sliding confidently between, making the girl whisper meekly 'No — please, no —' as she rolls her soft, round bottom lewdly against the blanket. Teased unmercifully she worms her plump pubic mound against the interloping fingertips, her crinkly hair brushes crisply across the hand's knuckles and she pants and heaves her hips and is so, so close to it — within a wriggle and a gasp of disgracing herself completely.

'Come on now — come on!'

'No, please don't —!' But she shudders and squirms helplessly and lifts her bottom from the blanket as her back arches and her loins thrust up to bunt against the teasing fingers. A second hand slips underneath her and cups the trembly bum cheeks, fingers careless of the hot, curving weals which underline the roundness of the buttocks.

'Come on — come on now!'

The girl gasps several times in rapid succession, and then goes limp and subsides back onto the blanket. She covers her face with her hands and draws her knees up as the hand slides away from between her thighs. Strangled little sobs sound strangely in the semi-darkness.

The kneeling man hoists himself to his feet, his shadow passing across the girl's half-naked body as he steps away from her. He is heavily built, with a paunch that considerably overlaps the waistband of his trousers. He turns aside and fishes a packet of cigarettes from the pocket of his discarded jacket. Bluish smoke floats in the air as he looks down at the exhausted girl.

'Get up.' He says it mildly enough, but his gruff voice startles the girl. She takes her hands from her face and looks nervously up at him.

'It's nearly nine o'clock'.

She scrambles up, inelegant, clumsy, acutely embarrassed by her semi-nakedness. She stands on the blanket, her hair touched by the lamplight, tears bright on the rosiness of her flushed cheeks. Her blouse is creased, a badge has come loose and flaps down from her sleeve, the flash at her shoulder — Rangers — picks up the same light that is in her hair. She is naked from the waist down, except for her socks, which are smudged with dirt at the heels. Her knickers still trail from her ankle, forlorn in the dust. She keeps her knees pressed together, the little upside-down triangle of hair at the base of her belly snuggles down between the tops of her thighs as if trying to escape attention, while her bottom hides itself self-consciously behind her. Her eyes refuse to rise from the floor even when he speaks to her.

'Pull your knickers up then. It's time you were gone.'

She stoops and hops on one leg as she tries to put her foot back into her pants. She pulls them up, turning a little aside as she does so, the navy blue material stretching around her hips and close up between her legs. She steps from the blanket and slips her feet into her shoes, and then turns her back as she looks round for her skirt. Her knickers are streaked with dust marks, and the tenderness of her punished buttocks spills out in hot crimson

blotches and sensitive-looking cane marks from under the elastic curving up diagonally across either cheek. She finds her skirt on top of a pile of folded groundsheets but before she can put it on the gruff voice makes her jump again.

'Come here.'

She obeys, though timorously, and turns to present her bottom when told to. He brushes at the dust on her knickers but his heavy-handedness on her sore buttocks makes her swerve her bum away. He slaps her thoughtlessly on one plump cheek.

'You look a mess. You'd better tidy yourself up before someone wants to know what you've been up to.'

She tugs mechanically at her cuffs and pushes her hair back out of her eyes. She still looks a mess. The tear streaks on her cheeks are very obvious, but it's almost dark now and probably no-one will see her. She'll have to do as she is.

'Run along then.'

She steps into her skirt and fastens its short pleats around her hips, then shuffles over to the hatch in the floor, her eyes anxious. He precedes her down the stepladder then stands at the bottom while she climbs unsteadily down, a hand against the back of her legs sliding up under her skirt as she reaches the floor. He pats her nervous bottom, feeling its warmth against the palm of his hand, then goes to let her out of the back door. He sends her on her way with a farewell squeeze of her buttocks that makes her flinch from the contact, then she pulls her bike away from the fence and wheels it around the angle of the building. The man waits while the sound of her feet on the cinder path fades away, then waits a little longer for discretion's sake. At length he locks the door from inside and walks the length of the hall in the darkness. Standing back from the window beside the main entrance he watches to see whether there is anyone to note his exit. Across the road, at the vicarage, he thinks he catches sight of a face at an upstairs window. He waits, but there is no further sign that there is anyone to see him leave. He slips out into the night and locks the door quietly, then walks away along the road.



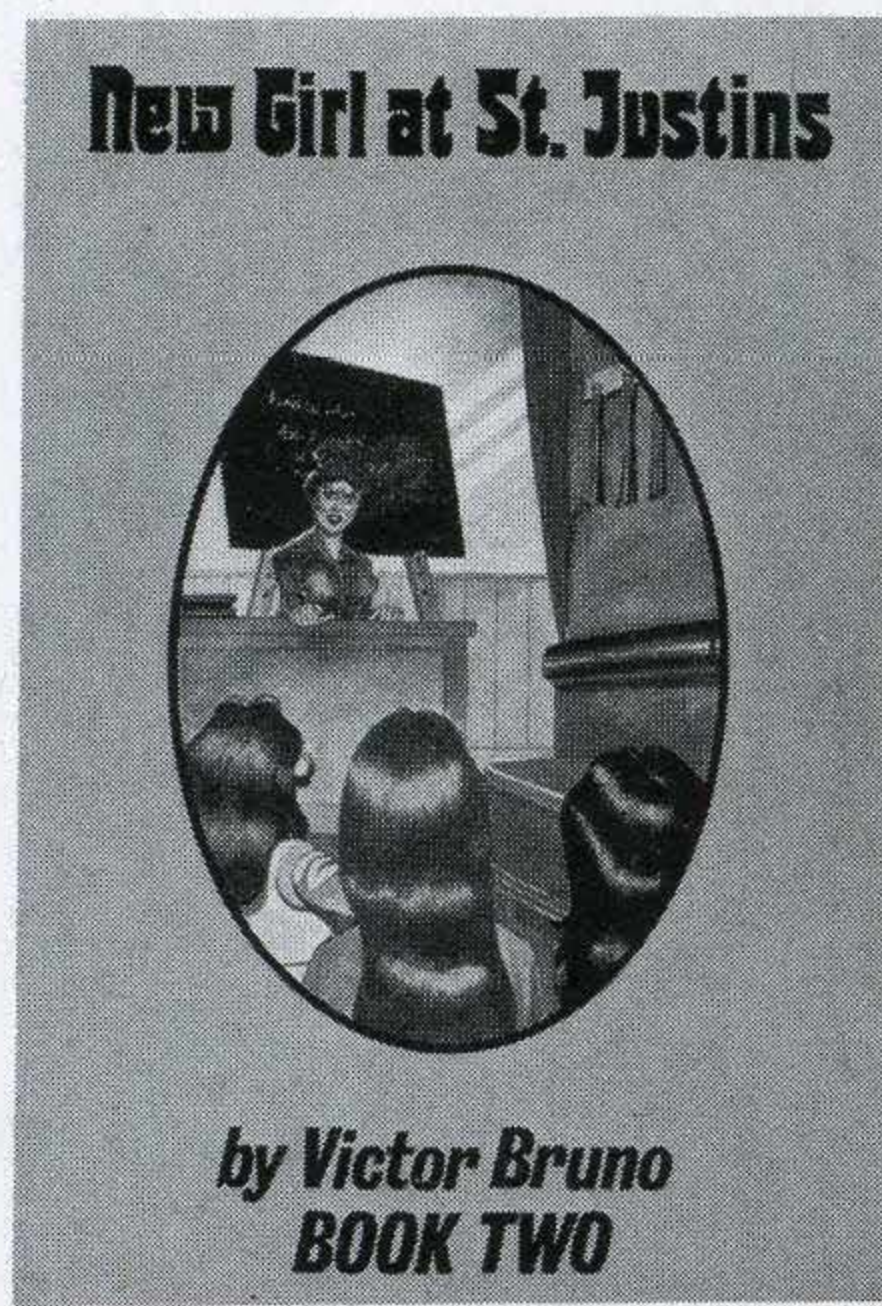
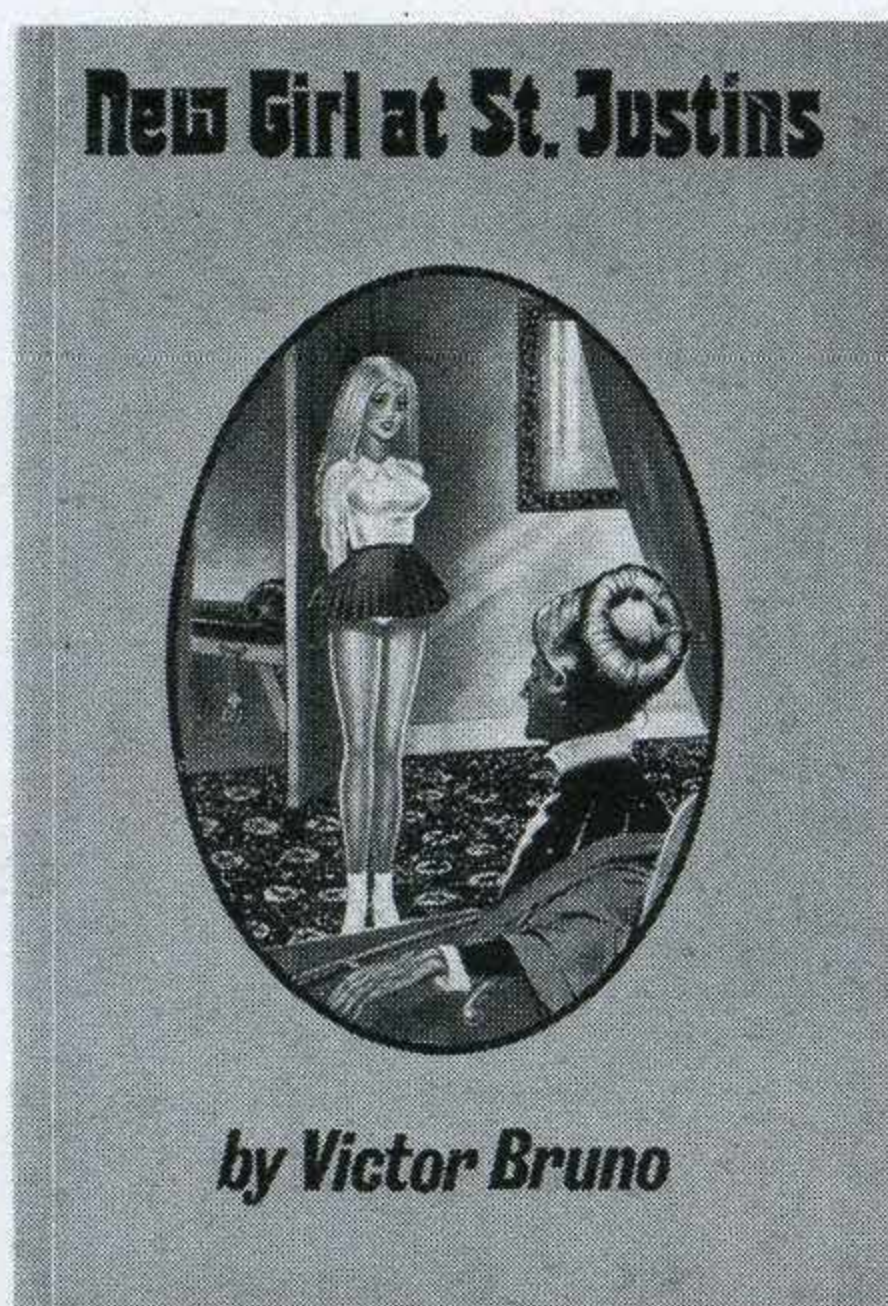


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### AUTHOR'S NOTE

The main narrative of 'New Girl at St. Justine's' is written in the third person. There are, however, a number of chapters written in the first person . . . by those involved in this story.

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